

Contemporary Review

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Per An.
MAY 1960

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May 1960

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CONTRIBUTIONS will be considered for publication and should be addressed to the Editor, Contemporary Review, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England.

PROSPECTS FOR FRANCE

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S tour of France was the first of a series of international events which, besides the conference at the summit, was to include General de Gaulle's projected visits to London and Washington. In the career of the President of the Republic, therefore, it opened a phase in which his activities have the avowed and inspiring motive of national ambition. The public statements made on either side during Mr. Khrushchev's travels about the country cast no new light on policy. The chief effect to be expected from it was the creation of a "climate" favourable to an understanding tolerance in international relations. Diplomatic commitments did not occupy the foremost place, though particular Franco-Soviet affairs, such as cultural relations and the financing of commerce between the two countries were actively discussed, and an agreement was signed for co-operation in the application of atomic energy for peaceful uses. In the creation of atmosphere Mr. Khrushchev was undoubtedly successful. The French public saw face to face a man who had been a distant and often disturbing figure, and as he was accompanied by Mrs. Khrushchev and their children this nearer view revealed him agreeably as a family man. On his arrival he showed unmistakable signs of weariness after his travels in Asia, but he soon recovered his natural vivacity, and by the time he reached Marseilles his joviality was in demonstrative harmony with the southern temperament of the people.

As distinct from his tour of the United States he was now in a country in which there is a strong Communist Party. He adapted himself to this delicate situation with care. At the modest house in which Lenin, the revolutionary exile, had lived in 1912 he greeted affectionately M. Thorez and M. Duclos, the French Communist leaders. At various places in the provinces and in the Paris suburbs which have Communist municipalities the party organized demonstrations of welcome, but he avoided giving an impression that he was in any special sense a guest of the party. The curious incident of the withdrawal of Canon Kir, the Mayor of Dijon, from participation in the reception of the visitor in response to an order from his Bishop provoked Mr. Khrushchev to nothing worse than a friendly allusion to the absent mayor, and it is to be noted that the action of the Church hierarchy was censured by a great part of public opinion. The French Government had taken the precaution of removing to Corsica

certain classes of refugees from eastern and central Europe to avoid unpleasant incidents, but in the Paris crowds a few small groups on occasion cried "Budapest" to show that the Soviet repression of the Hungarian revolt was remembered.

In his public statements Mr. Khrushchev abounded in assurances that he had not come to "convert" France or General de Gaulle, to whom he paid a compliment as a French patriot. He asserted that he had no intention of driving in a wedge between France and her Western Allies; having regard to the French difficulties with NATO some may possibly argue that from the Soviet point of view it is perhaps an advantage to have France inside NATO rather than outside. Mr. Khrushchev gave a definition of co-existence with which few will quarrel. In the first days of his stay in Paris he referred to the danger of a revival of German militarism and urged that if the U.S.S.R. and France, the two strongest powers of the continent, in concert with all the peace-loving countries, took a common position on the fundamental problems of the maintenance of peace no aggressive force could disturb peace in Europe. In a speech at the Elysée reception General de Gaulle spoke of Germany in very different terms; twice in the century, he said, the continent had been menaced by immeasurable ambition, "which had since disappeared". In making his declaration Mr. Khrushchev may have felt that he was speaking to a latent opinion in France which remained suspicious of Germany and uneasy about the future evolution of that country when Dr. Adenauer would no longer be controlling it.

Meanwhile the Government and the Constitutional régime itself have recently been subjected to serious difficulties. The most spectacular was caused by the discontent of agriculturists, which was marked by a mass demonstration at Amiens. The discontent was due to the Government's policy of fixing the price of wheat. This has been done every year on a calculation based on certain statistical data relating to the cost of materials, prices in manufacturing industries and other factors concerning the farmers' cost of production. Agriculturists would like the "Indexation" to be automatic, on the principle of a sliding scale. After discussion the Government accepted the principle that the price of wheat should be related to costs of materials, but should not vary with them on a strictly mathematical basis. Behind this question of price-fixing lies a much more serious problem. It is now apparent that the modern mechanization of agriculture has made the smallest holdings of the peasant proprietors unworkable at a profit. To be used with economical advantage a tractor requires a certain minimum area of land. In some parts of France where farming is large the industry is prosperous. In Brittany and elsewhere there are, on the other hand, many little family properties which do not produce a living. In the distressed areas the exodus to the towns is increasing. One remedy is the regrouping of dispersed holdings into large units of exploitation capable of being worked by modern machinery. This process has been going on in some parts of the country, but an operation necessarily involving the disturbance of large numbers of private family properties cannot be applied rapidly. The alternative of the transfer of agricultural labour to other

industries would also involve great economic disturbance and would, besides, be an interruption of a great agricultural tradition.

The law recently enacted to afford State aid to free Catholic schools has aroused a good deal of protest. The case for giving aid is that in many villages of the west the Catholic school is the only school to which children are sent. In such places, it may be argued, the Catholic school is in fact providing the only elementary education available. But the principle that the State should neither undertake religious instruction itself nor subsidize it is strongly established. Parliament accepted the new law and as at present constituted it offers little opportunity for effective criticism. A committee of "*Action Laïque*" has, however, organized a campaign for the signature of a petition demanding the repeal of the law. In 15 departments the number of signatories of the petition is equivalent to the absolute majority of the total number of voters in those departments at the last general election. In contrast to the apparent apathy of public opinion on so many political issues this clear manifestation of adherence to an old principle is remarkable. The Superior Council of National Education, a body composed of representatives of the teaching profession, called upon by the Minister for consultation on the decrees by which it is proposed to implement the new Act has refused to consider these dispositions, and the teaching representatives in the various categories of schools have all strongly objected to them.

The agricultural agitation had an unexpected political development. Its promoters urged that an extraordinary session of Parliament should be held to consider the situation. According to the Constitution, Parliament is summoned to an extraordinary session at the demand of the Prime Minister or of the majority of Deputies. A majority—287 Deputies—wrote letters making the demand. The President of the Republic refused to convoke Parliament. This intervention was a surprise to the Deputies, many of whom seem to have assumed that constitutionally the demand for a session sufficed to ensure its taking place. The main reason given by the President caused further resentment by arguing that the demand had resulted from the influence of the agricultural organizations, acting as a "pressure group". The incident called attention not only to the small importance of Parliament but to the increasing lack of contact between the legislative and the executive institutions. The M.R.P., whose leader, M. Pflimlin, is a Minister, has shown uneasiness at the failure of the Government to consult Assembly groups when preparing legislation to deal with important and highly topical questions like the peasants' agitation.

Even more serious criticisms of the working of the régime are finding expression. The Constitution has in fact evolved in such a way that the President of the Republic, nominally an arbitrator, has become more and more the active head of the executive. General de Gaulle has gathered into his own hands the management of very diverse affairs, not merely international policy and Algeria, but matters of domestic policy, in which his action is often far more than paternal oversight of the measures of his Ministers.

The protests of Deputies and even of party leaders have no great weight

at the moment, since Parliament is a frail shadow of what it used to be. But the régime has been brought into question directly by the evolution of the Algerian problem since the quelling of the Algiers revolt in January and the subsequent visit of General de Gaulle to the armies in the field. The urgency of the recommendations addressed to the army officers to complete the "pacification" and the apparent abandonment of positive efforts to arrive at a cease-fire have given public opinion a disappointing prospect of a prolongation of the war for an indefinite time. From the referendum of 1958 the adhesion of the nation was given to General de Gaulle above all because he seemed to be the man most qualified to settle the Algerian problem. His conception of the State and the Constitution, the pursuit of French grandeur, are valued differently by different classes of people, but the settlement of the Algerian problem is the essential task assigned to him.

Mr. Khrushchev's visit ended with a communiqué indicating broadly that both parties had kept to their positions in international affairs, and with a televised propagandist speech in which the Soviet Prime Minister celebrated the achievements of a Communist State.

W. L. MIDDLETON

France.

THE BALKAN COCKPIT

UP to the outbreak of the first world war, the Balkans were invariably referred to by journalists and politicians as "the cockpit of Europe". The obvious assumption was that all of Europe's troubles originated there, which up to a point was true, since during the nineteenth century and the early part of the present century the small nations of the region were the catspaws of the great Powers. Before the second world upheaval occurred, certain of the small countries had taken some steps to rid themselves of the overbearing influence of the major Powers, and to reduce the danger of war resulting from their several intrigues. The Balkan Tripartite Pact between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia was primarily intended to safeguard the peace of South-Eastern Europe and the frontiers of the signatories. This worthy attempt to pacify the Balkans did not, however, prevent Hitler's war. Today, when tensions between the two ideological blocs seem to have been relaxed, the same small nations who initiated the move to end the domination of the large Powers see new dangers looming. Ironically enough, the major danger would come about through an East-West understanding, which might lead to the division of the world into spheres of influence at the expense of the little Powers. This is a fear recently voiced by the most outspoken of the Balkan statesmen, Marshal Tito. His warning has come after a campaign launched from Moscow, and echoed, in turn, by Sofia, Bucharest and Tirana, for a Balkan conference to promote the idea of an atom-free zone.

Greece has reacted sharply against the proposal, and is fully in agreement with Marshal Tito's suggestion that individual countries should first settle their own differences before embarking on wider alignments.

Yugoslavia, in her military understanding with Greece, has done exactly this, for the Greeks have been willing to forget the part played by Belgrade in the Communist onslaught against Greece from 1946 until 1949, and to remember only the earlier historic friendship with the Serbians. Tito's break with the Russians, and his policy of keeping Yugoslavia independent of either bloc, has promoted closer relations with Athens, apart from the main consideration of mutual defence.

If Turkey is eternally suspicious of Russia, the Greeks have just cause to be perpetually on their guard against Bulgaria, which has an unenviable record of invading and pillaging Greece, with never-ceasing claims on purely Hellenic territory. The vocal overture from Sofia that Greece should participate in a Balkan conference with the object of creating an atom-free zone was met immediately by a request from Athens that Bulgaria should first give tangible evidence of her goodwill and sincerity by promptly paying the 45-million dollars of war reparations awarded to Greece under the Paris Peace Treaty. The Bulgarians have hitherto made no effort to liquidate this international debt, despite repeated hints to do so. A Greek Foreign Ministry spokesman rebuked the Bulgarian Chargé d'Affaires in Athens, Mr. Lambrev, for holding a Press conference on the persistent Sofia advances, stating that this was "contrary to all international, diplomatic practice."

The Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, had good reason to treat with something more than cynicism the naïve comment of the Bulgarian Chargé d'Affaires that Bulgaria had "not one soldier more than the maximum permitted under the peace treaty." A month or two previously Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Premier, had told Parliament that Bulgaria had violated the peace treaty by maintaining an army of 240,000 men, or twice as many as Greece. Other neighbouring satellites of Russia also had armies larger than that of Greece, though poorer economically. The Greek Prime Minister asked: "Whom is Greece threatening, and who can it threaten?" He challenged the Liberal leader, Sophocles Veniselos, to assert sincerely that Greece's foreign policy was "an element of tension in the Balkans." The majority of the Greek people not only regard Mr. Veniselos' suggestion as an absurdity, but consider him lacking in a sense of the realism which so characterized his distinguished father. In the present political climate of the Balkans, so much influenced by propaganda from Moscow, they put much more reliance on the lawyer-Premier who does not claim to be a professional politician. If any "threats" are being made around the Balkans, the Greeks feel that they exist only in the "warnings" that Russia has repeatedly directed to Greece against the facilities granted to "the Western imperialists". Greek feeling was certainly outraged by the Soviet provocation in issuing a new postage stamp honouring Manolis Glezos, the Greek Communist who pulled down the swastika from the Parthenon, and who last summer was sentenced by a military court to 15 years for espionage. An even greater indiscretion, if not an actual affront to the Greek nation, was Mr. Khrushchev's speech in Budapest when he said that in 1944 the "imperialists" suppressed the uprising of "the finest children of Greece". Coming from Hungary, of all places, this comment

was seen as singularly inept by the Athens Press, and the Independent Conservative newspaper *Kathimerini* retorted by reminding the population that the so-called "finest children of Greece" had been responsible for executing 46,958 persons with torture, including 275 priests, 120 doctors, 239 teachers and 246 labour leaders.

Justly proud of her position as the only surviving democratic State in south-eastern Europe—a mantle she wears with easy grace, since her soil is the very birthplace and cradle of democracy—Greece would be only too glad to establish happier relations with all her Balkan neighbours were the foundations of any proposed new co-operation laid down within a clearly recognizable framework of good will and mutual trust. The Greeks feel that the prerequisites for such an understanding do not in fact exist, though Greece has meantime engaged in friendly trading with most of the satellite countries. Greece has no faith in Russia's desire for pacification of the Balkans, and still less in the most obedient of the satellites, Bulgaria and Albania. Following the Washington declaration that Greece, unlike Turkey, would not be pressed to have nuclear bases on her territory, a Bulgarian "threat" to seek such bases in her own interests, while at the same time proposing a non-aggression pact with Greece, is regarded in Athens as peculiarly stupid and mendacious. The overtures of Albania for a *rapprochement* with Greece have likewise rather a hollow sound in Greek ears, except in the case of the extreme Left opposition, EDA, which most Greeks regard as the old and proscribed Communist Party, KKE, in a more respectable guise. Greece, of course, is still officially at war with Albania, but that is not the only incongruity.

Quite apart from an intensive anti-Greek campaign which has erupted at intervals since the last war, when Albania played a full part in the Italian attack on Greece, there have been persistent reports from time to time of missile and submarine bases being built by the Russians in Albania. These rumours have gained more credence by the revelations of the former member of the Albanian Communist Party, Mr. Melios, who escaped and was granted political asylum in Greece. He gave sufficient details of Russian activities to induce some Athens dailies to comment that Albania was being turned into "a fully armed springboard for aggression," should Moscow order a new war. The paper *Acropolis* expressed the hope that the champions of a "denuclearized Balkans" would now come to their senses. All the same, although most Greeks expect little or no satisfaction from Albania in regard to the unsettled and vexed question of northern Epirus, or southern Albania, and despite the continued persecution of the Greek population in this disputed area, Greece has shown considerable good will in her willingness to trade with this Communist satellite.

Since Greece is not at present to have nuclear bases on her soil, it may seem odd that Communist-dominated countries, particularly the two which hitherto have been consistently hostile to Greece, should have made a concerted approach to establish closer political, cultural and economic relations with Athens. On the face of it, the move appears, as the Greeks have properly assessed it, devoid of sincerity and any solid basis for success. However, the Greeks are perfectly aware that neither the Bulgars nor the

Albanians are masters of their own destinies. With the greatest good will in the world, and with as fervent a desire as any of her neighbours for peaceful co-existence in the Balkans—in this connection it is worth while mentioning that in the past four years trade between Russia and Greece has increased five-fold—Greek realism and due regard for the lessons of history have dictated a certain course of defensive policy. In the absence of an overall agreement on disarmament by the great Powers, Greece, despite the heavy commitments of her ambitious economic Five-Year Plan, has reluctantly considered it advisable to earmark the equivalent of £50,700,000 on defence in 1960—almost three-tenths of internal State revenue. And although no final decision has yet been taken on atomic bases, the exigencies of an uncertain but potentially explosive world have induced the acceptance from the United States of a battery of "Honest John" missiles, general artillery support weapons which can carry atomic warheads. The Athens Press, excepting the extreme Left newspapers, reject the suggestion that these missiles, which have already been tested in Macedonia, are "a provocation". The Independent *To Vima* stresses that they are for "purely defensive purposes", and says they will be used "only as anti-aircraft fire against enemy planes." None know better than the satellites that Greece can never have any aggressive intentions; but until Moscow and Washington come to an arrangement which will ensure peace everywhere Greece is taking no chances. That the United States should have seen fit to make an approach to Sofia and Tirana with a view to the resumption of diplomatic relations may make her wonder, but she remains unworried and unmoved.

For the sake of self-preservation Russia may never start a new war, and is probably genuinely earnest in her sponsoring of general disarmament (always with the knowledge that she is strong in nuclear weapons), but the men in the Kremlin have never been happy since American influence began to extend over the eastern Mediterranean, particularly in Greece and Turkey. Russia can be excused for considering the Balkans as her back door. The wooing of Greece, which geography has made highly strategical in the Mediterranean scheme of things, is an essential part of Russian policy, but the pressure on the Greeks has not been confined to the clumsy efforts of the satellites. At times the Russian Embassy and Ambassador have appeared to the Greek Government and the Athens Press to have over-stepped the mark in contacts with EDA members of Parliament and the issue of printed propaganda.

Marshal Tito's statement that there does not exist a realistic basis for a Balkans conference finds complete agreement among the Greeks generally, except among the crypto-Communists and fellow-travellers. As the Athens papers sees it, the Soviet proposal that a nuclear-free Balkans zone should be guaranteed by the big nuclear Powers is, in fact, a partial acceptance of the Greek view that such an agreement falls within the sphere of general disarmament. It could not be the subject of negotiations between the U.S.S.R. and countries not possessing atomic weapons. Yugoslavia, which defected from the Moscow family of nations, is no less a thorn in the flesh of Mr. Khrushchev than is Greece, and the determina-

tion of Marshal Tito to keep free of the entanglements of both the East and West blocs is no consolation to him. The apparently reliable report emanating from Belgrade that the Yugoslav Government is working out plans for closer contacts between the Balkan States, including a meeting of Parliamentarians, can scarcely have met with approval from the Russian dictator. This move by Marshal Tito is interpreted in Athens as a sort of counter-stroke to the series of Soviet bloc initiatives aimed at promoting Balkan unity. No step would be taken, it is understood, until Yugoslavia was certain of Greek support. The Belgrade sources said that Yugoslavia would probably suggest a start with non-Governmental contacts, one idea favoured being that M.P.s of all the Balkan countries could get together to exchange views. It is doubtful, however, that Greece will see anything profitable in such a course of action, as the question always comes round again to the crucial test as to whether Bulgaria and Albania are prepared to fulfil their obligations in respect of Greece. On this point, Russia has so far shown no inclination to bring pressure to bear on her satellites. On the other hand, the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, following Mr. Khrushchev's indiscreet Budapest speech, declared in Parliament that the Greek Government would not change its policy of trying to improve relations with the Eastern bloc, or of avoiding provocations. Greece has given tangible proof of her good will by her mutual trading arrangements with her Communist neighbours; what she is not prepared to do is to take the satellites to her bosom until there is evidence of a deep-seated repentance, with all the material consequences of that change of heart and mind. There is no sign yet of such a transformation.

If Russia is finding it extremely difficult to regain her old position of "Big Father Russia" in the Balkans, the fault lies basically with her own policies and the Communist ideas she has instilled into her satellites. Hardly more than 48 hours had elapsed after the announcement of President Eisenhower's visit to Greece at the end of last year when Mr. Joja, a Rumanian deputy Premier, visiting Athens, took the opportunity, at a press conference, to suggest that the Prime Ministers of Greece and Rumania should meet to prepare the ground for a Balkans "summit" meeting. Some of the Athens newspapers at once reminded their readers that the Government which Mr. Joja represented had destroyed the bridge which formerly linked his country in cultural and economic friendship with Greece—the Greek community in Rumania. About the same time that Mr. Joja was making his overtures, the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Serguiev, at his first press conference since he arrived six years ago, strummed the same theme, urging "immediate conversations" on all issues that divided the Balkan countries. The sheer futility of any such talks is apparent to anyone with a moderate knowledge of Balkan problems. Not only does Bulgaria continue to avoid payment of war reparations, but Moscow has never discouraged Sofia's persistent claims to an outlet on the Aegean and claims to Greek Macedonia. Does anyone imagine, the Greeks ask, that Russia would compel Albania to satisfy legitimate Greek demands with regard to northern Epirus?

Mr. Vlahovic, Yugoslav spokesman on international affairs, said his

country desired "real results, not passing propaganda", and complained that the hostility shown by the satellite countries towards Yugoslavia had been a barrier to better understanding. A month earlier, Marshal Tito had mentioned his country's relations with Greece as a notable example of how friendly, close and lasting relations could become between two countries which had been on bad terms when they first sought to improve them.

THOMAS ANTHEM

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT IN ETHIOPIA

OF Ethiopia's population estimated in 1954 at 19 millions, some 17 millions were engaged in agriculture. Only two per cent were engaged in industry, handicrafts, construction and transport. *Per capita* annual income was about £13. In the whole country there were only some 20,000 industrial workers. Export income was based mainly on three commodities, coffee (55 per cent), hides and skins (16 per cent) and oil seeds (13 per cent), leaving the country's balance of payments and the level of budgetary revenue precariously dependent upon the fluctuating prices and absorbing capacity of world markets for these three commodities.

In 1954, on the instructions of the Emperor, Haile Selassie, studies and surveys were undertaken to prepare a comprehensive plan for economic development. These resulted in the formulation of Ethiopia's first five-year plan (1957-61), aiming at systematic improvement in the utilization of the country's human and natural resources and the strengthening of its position in international trade by diversifying the economy. Basic to the success of the plan was education. Lack of skilled labour, as with most underdeveloped countries, was the greatest handicap. One of the major objectives, therefore, was to spread general and technical education. Since, for the foreseeable future, the vast majority of the people would remain farmers and peasants, special emphasis was placed upon rural education and agricultural development. Out of a total investment of £76 million for the five-year period, of which £34 million was for transport and communications, £12 million was earmarked for agriculture, education and community development. A Ministry of National Community Development was established in 1957 and a National Board of Community Development was set up, consisting of representatives of the co-operating Ministries together with a Bishop for the spiritual authorities.

The country is divided into 1,095 districts each with an average population of 18,000. These were taken as the territorial units for community development. The target laid down in the plan was to cover between 50 and a hundred districts under the community development programme during the five year period. A period of 30 to 40 years was foreseen as necessary in order to include the whole of Ethiopia in the programme. The cost was estimated at an average of under £100,000 per district, of which half would be paid from central funds and half from local contributions.

The carrying out of the plan for community development is still in its

initial phase. An essential element is the preparation of balanced multi-purpose programmes requiring the co-ordinated action of central and local authorities, with the active participation of the people themselves. In the words of the plan: "The main purpose . . . is to create on the local level the conditions required for accelerated economic, social and cultural progress." The types of work include the construction of supplies of clean water, drainage and irrigation schemes, the building of secondary roads, the improvement of agriculture and the marketing and processing of agricultural products, the encouragement of rural crafts, literary campaigns, sanitation and health education and afforestation.

Despite himalayan difficulties the plan is making solid progress, though, as the report to the Economic Commission for Africa sadly admits, so far little has been applied of the philosophy of community development which "is concerned not with doing things *to* people nor *for* them, but rather with the concept to which governments are less accustomed, doing things *with* people."

Under the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts a Community Education Department has been established, its main purpose being to introduce the new type of community schools. Local authorities have co-operated and by the end of June, 1959, there were 33 such schools, built largely by voluntary labour from local materials, each with some 150 pupils. Although these are primary schools, they are intended for adults as well as children. They teach reading in Amharic and elementary knowledge and skills useful in the life of the local community. The plan aims to establish fundamental education centres in each province for the training of community school teachers and "multi-purpose village level workers".

Two such community teachers' training centres are those at Debra Berhan, situated at a height of 9,000 feet in Shoa province, and Majettie, the latter some 220 miles from Addis Ababa on the road to Asmara. The Debra Berhan centre is a joint project of the Ethiopian Ministry of Education and the United States International Co-operation Administration (I.C.A.). The teaching staff are all Ethiopians, ten men and one woman, the latter being responsible for needlework, garment-making and other domestic subjects. The Director is also an Ethiopian, Ato Haile Mariam Wolde Kidane. Over a hundred trainees have enrolled for the year's course, all having previously obtained the State Elementary School Leaving Certificate. As part of their course the trainees take day classes in neighbouring village schools and evening classes in Debra Berhan.

The community workers' training centre at Majettie is a pioneer experiment, initiated some two years ago by two UNESCO experts in fundamental education: Mr. W. S. Rankin, of Scotland, and M. Garraud, of France, assisted by six Ethiopians as members of the training staff. Majettie is ten miles off the Asmara highroad. The almost invisible track traverses woods, marshes and riverbeds which, in the rainy season, are impassable to vehicles and in the dry season make one's car bounce and buck like a broncho. Only a vehicle as tough and indomitable as the Landrover could stand up to such punishment. The village is situated on the foothills of a range of wooded mountains. The Government's decision to establish the

training centre near Majettie was shrewdly calculated, for tribal fighting between the Amharas and the Gallas has long been endemic in the area. Barely two years ago over 50 police were killed in quelling an outbreak. Now, of the 36 trainees in the centre, nine are Gallas and new peaceful relationships have been established. The traditional market place in Majettie, as a result of diplomatic negotiations initiated by the centre, has been moved nearly half a mile from the hillside village down to level ground on the tribal border where the centre is sited. Here every week many hundreds of village folk from both sides meet and mingle to barter their handicrafts and the produce of their fields.

The community centre, still incomplete, is an impressive achievement. Two years ago its site was covered with rocks and bushes which first had to be cleared by the UNESCO experts and Ethiopian staff. The villagers, becoming enthused with the idea, began to join in the work. Now, the compound is a semicircle, embracing the market, of 30 well built bungalow-type houses, painted white, with silver-coloured corrugated iron roofs. The bricks were made of mud mixed with ten per cent cement, pressed in a hand-operated brick-making machine supplied by UNESCO, and dried in the sun. All the buildings are constructed from local materials by workers, trained on the spot, with the intention that eventually the people of the villages will construct similar buildings for themselves. Water has been piped into each building from a mountain spring, with pumps provided by the United Nations Children's Fund, and electric light is supplied from a generator driven by a jeep engine.

The UNESCO expert now in charge of the centre is Torgil Ringmar, a Swedish folk high school teacher. His wife, Nadja, is a qualified nurse. They have a daughter aged two. In case of trouble they are entirely dependent upon their own resources and their good relations with the trainees and villagers. There is no postal service and they depend upon the occasional unheralded visitor for their mail. The nearest doctor—there are about 60 in the whole country—is over a hundred miles away and the nearest telephone 13 miles away. There could hardly be two better people for such a pioneer job than this devoted, friendly and capable couple.

The Ethiopian Government regard the Centre as a pilot project in its programme of community and rural development. Poverty, ignorance and disease are the enemies the trainees are preparing to fight. Their nine months' course is essentially practical. In health, sanitation and first-aid they learn to dig latrines and soak pits, drain areas where the malaria-carrying mosquito breeds, clean the springs and places along the river for drinking water for people and animals, and to treat the most common diseases, including malaria, trachoma and other eye infections, venereal disease, dysentery, wounds and sores. The trainees have been provided with first-aid kits as well as with tools for agriculture and other purposes. Mrs. Ringmar, assisted by trainees, manages the clinic, visited daily by some 60 patients from the surrounding villages. In agriculture, gardening and nutrition the trainees learn about soil erosion, crop rotation, compost-pits, seed selection, and the growing of a variety of vegetables for introduction into the ill-balanced traditional diet. An agricultural extension

station under an expert from the Ethiopian Ministry of Agriculture is being planned to service a wide area. They learn house building and the building and repair of local roads and small bridges.

The trainees teach while they learn and have successfully established schools in a number of surrounding villages, though in two cases Christian villages refused to accept Moslem trainees who had come as members of a mixed team. Much attention is given also to the education of women, and a selected group of some 25 from neighbouring villages are taught reading, writing, sewing, knitting, basket-making and cooking. Literary classes, both at the centre and in the villages are popular. A system devised by a United Nations literary expert, Dr. Caleb Gattegno, is used, syllables of one type being differently coloured from those of another. The women are usually able to read simple books on physiology, diet, health and hygiene at the end of three months.

Community development is increasingly recognized as being essential to balanced economic and social progress, but such recognition still remains for the most part at the level of the Ministries and United Nations bodies. Real community development is achieved only when the local communities become aware of their own problems and organize themselves to solve them with governmental assistance. But local initiative is often hard to arouse. The centre at Majettie recognizes that it can succeed only to the extent that the trainees wherever they go in the surrounding villages are able to secure the continuing co-operation of the local leadership. The work takes root only when here and there men and women are forthcoming who, catching the idea of community development, are willing to accept responsibility for carrying it on in co-operation with the centre when the trainees have gone. The problem of securing local leadership of the right calibre, though far from being solved, is lightened when from time to time, here and there, news arrives that a well has been dug, pumps and pipes have been installed, new vegetables have been grown or new dishes been tried. Although the acknowledged aim of community development is one of material achievements, the real achievement is the spiritual awakening of which such initiatives are the harbingers.

GORDON EVANS,

the first holder of the Gilbert Murray Fellowship in International Studies.

LITHUANIA

IN 1944 the Soviet forces occupied the Baltic States for the second time. Since then it has been very difficult for people in the West to get information. For more than 14 years travellers were only allowed to visit the Baltic States in very special circumstances. Last year there was a slight improvement; in the autumn the first party of western journalists, mainly Communist sympathizers, made a conducted tour of the two chief towns of Lithuania, Vilnius and Kaunas, and then went to the capitals of the other two Baltic Republics. At present the ordinary tourist can visit

Vilnius and Kaunas but he cannot wander freely in the countryside. During his tour of the United States Mr. Khrushchev indicated publicly that he has no intention of allowing visitors to travel freely to all parts of the U.S.S.R. This is crucial; if conditions throughout the Soviet Union are as good as Soviet spokesmen suggest, why cannot travellers go and see them?

Yet there are sources of information. Something can be learnt from the wireless and the press in occupied Lithuania; speeches, articles and reports, that usually have propagandist purposes, sometimes give details of local conditions, and a comparison can be made with conditions in the same locality before the war. Information can also be drawn from the Moscow press. Facts of great importance are sometimes reported by emigrants who have fled to the West within the last few years, but for reasons of security these emigrants are often unable to say as much as could be wished. Enough significant details can be discovered to justify a general picture, although on many questions it is impossible to give a full account. Thus, although no complete list of troops stationed in Lithuania can be given, it is clear that in some districts non-Lithuanian troops, kept separate from Lithuanian troops, are very noticeable; for example, at Klaipėda (Memel) the harbour is surrounded by a high wooden fence with barbed wire on top and sentries continually keep watch.

There are now about 300,000 Russian civilians living in Lithuania. That means more than ten per cent of the population; for the census held early in 1959 reported a total population of 2,713,000. Further there has been a change in total population during the occupation. According to Soviet sources the population at the end of 1939 was 2,880,000, which is probably an under-estimate. Meanwhile the territory of Lithuania has increased, for at the end of 1939 Klaipėda was in German hands. Emigration from Lithuania to the West in consequence of the Soviet occupation has reached a figure of about 60,000, according to a recent estimate. If this is regarded as a national protest against the occupation, the figure is impressively large, and it grows more impressive when one notes that only some 26 per cent of the emigrants are drawn from the professional classes. But emigration to the West does not explain a decrease of more than 160,000 in a generation when world population has been increasing. The explanation must be sought in deportations to Siberia. No figures are available for these. Brutality seems to have reached its height, but not its end, in the mass-deportations of June, 1941; one of the places visited was the maternity hospital in Kaunas and from there Russian troops removed nurses and patients.

In the last two years some people have come back from Siberia. Some motives for the deportations can be discovered. One object was to terrorize the national intelligentsia, since it was regarded as the core of national feeling. Another was to remove land-owning peasants so that their land would be available for collective farms; oddly enough some peasant-farms, whose owners were deported, have been allowed to fall into ruin. Although little has been heard lately about deportations of a punitive character, labour

is still drawn from the Baltic States for distant parts of the Soviet Union; young people, chosen by committees in the factories, are taken from Lithuania to work as unskilled labourers in eastern Siberia and particularly in Kazakhstan. According to a recent article in *Sovietskaya Rossiya*, these "volunteers" on reaching Kazakhstan commonly apply promptly to be sent back westwards. (Characteristically, this news can be printed in Russia proper but not in Lithuania.)

The economic effect of the occupation has been disastrous. Lithuania is predominantly an agricultural country. In preparation for elections in March, 1959, A. Snieckus, general secretary of the Lithuanian Communist Party, made a speech in the district of Ramygala, which he represents in the Lithuanian Soviet. He said that the agricultural production of the district must increase, and he gave figures for the harvests of 1958. From these figures it appears that agricultural production in that district in 1958 was about half of the annual level reached there before 1940 (in corn it was about half, in potatoes rather less than half, in sugar-beet rather more than half). In general the norms of agricultural production envisaged for the end of the present seven-year plan in the Baltic States are in some respects lower than the actual figures for pre-war production.

There appear to be two causes of the decline. One is that, whereas before the war Lithuania relied largely on trade with the West, her economy has now been fully integrated with that of the Soviet Union; Lithuanian economy is planned in Moscow and for the interests of Moscow. The other cause is that agriculture has been almost entirely collectivized. The collective farms are of two kinds; the "*kolchozas*" technically belongs to its employees and the "*sovchozas*" is the property of the State. Present policy seeks to change "*kolchozai*" into "*sovchozai*". Employees in a "*kolchozas*" receive a wage paid partly in money and partly in kind. At an exhibition held in Kaunas on October 12, 1959, one "*kolchozas*" (with the name "Red Star" from the district of Vabalninkas) proved to have excelled all others in level of production. In the previous year it had paid each worker a daily wage of three-and-a-half kilogrammes of corn and five rubles. This combined wage would be worth about 116 cents in the pre-war currency of Lithuania. Before the war an agricultural labourer received a daily wage varying from 180 to 380 cents; he also received food valued at about 90 cents. It is impossible for a family to live on the wages earned in the collective farms. The workers are allowed to own a small amount of land privately; this, the only exception to collectivization, is intended to be a temporary concession. When a collective farm fails to attain its norm, its employees are sometimes required to make contributions from the produce of their private land. Demands, like that of Snieckus, for a great increase in agricultural production are scarcely compatible with the much advertised plans for a decrease in hours of work in the U.S.S.R. Even if shorter hours are introduced in the collective farms, this will not affect the time spent by the worker in tilling his own land for subsistence. The bureaucracy that runs the collective farms consists largely of Russians. Some of them reside in the towns, like the absentee landlords of Tsarist days. Before the war there were no large estates in Lithuania; they had

been broken up by a land-law passed in 1922.

In the towns the most immediate problem is that of housing. The goal envisaged by the seven-year plan is that every person shall be entitled to nine square metres of dwelling-space; as yet this seems a very distant ideal. Moscow plans to develop and introduce some urban industries. In particular in 1958 proposals were publicized for introducing some chemical industries, such as manufacture of synthetic textiles. Wide discussion was invited and the conclusion emerged that, except for the manufacture of artificial fertilizers, Lithuania is not suitable for the proposed industries, since the country lacks the necessary raw materials. The original proposals have been incorporated into the seven-year plan. In literature some relaxation was apparent after the death of Stalin. Some Lithuanian classics were republished; new books appeared that were not purely propagandist; new text-books said rather less about "the great Russian nation". This relaxation seems already to have come to an end, for since 1958 the main theme in party-pronouncements on literature in Lithuania has been attacks on "bourgeois nationalism and revisionism".

Under Soviet rule the limits of possible resistance are strict. Indeed one may wonder whether "resistance" is the right word. Yet several facts show that the Lithuanians do not want to be Russified. In the first place aspirations of nationalist character occasionally appear within the Lithuanian Communist Party (membership: 41,574, including many Russians). Thus when the new school-plan was thrown open to discussion, the Lithuanian Communist Party asked for an extra year of compulsory education in Lithuania, so that adequate provision could be made for teaching the national language as well as Russian. (Moscow refused to grant this request.) Lithuania is a Roman Catholic country. The press and the wireless provide frequent attacks on "religious prejudices", and adult education, as promoted by the Party, means primarily anti-religious propaganda. There are penalties for some religious activities. For example, early last August proceedings were in progress under paragraph 122 of the Criminal Code of the R.S.F.S.R. at Tauragė (in western Lithuania) against a village priest and a parishioner; their offence was that they had set up "a secret church-school" (this information appeared in *Komjaunimo tiesa* = The Young Communist's Truth, Vilnius, August 8, 1959). Yet church-attendance can be large. Recently a reporter from the Moscow *Izvestiya* visited Joniskis (near the Latvian border of Lithuania) on the feast of St. James; he was shocked to see how the streets became empty as soon as it was time for the service.

The spirit of resistance appeared mostly clearly in the student-demonstrations held in Vilnius and Kaunas on November 1-2, 1956. These demonstrations are remarkable, first, in that they occurred at all, for the students had been subjected to Russian propaganda for years. They are also remarkable for the realism of their immediate aims; the demand was not for anything Utopian but for satellite status. If the aspirations of the Baltic Republics find an adequate echo in the West, something may be achieved; for Russian leaders are sensitive to world opinion.

R. MALY

LORD LOTHIAN

NO one who knew Philip Kerr, Lord Lothian, could fail to like and admire him, and he was dearly loved by those who knew him well. *Sans peur et sans reproche*, modestly conscious of his abilities but personally unambitious, he sailed through life with a smile in his heart and a single passion—to serve mankind at home and abroad, to build bridges between States, and to translate his lofty moral and religious ideals into practice. It makes a fine story* and Sir James Butler has done it full justice.

Born into an ancient and wealthy Catholic Scottish family, Philip Kerr was educated at Cardinal Newman's Oratory at Birmingham and at Oxford, where he took a first in history. For a brief space he thought of becoming a priest, for his was a deeply religious nature. But his place was in the world, and at 23 he joined Milner's *Kindergarten* in the task of building up South Africa after the tornado of the Boer War. He enjoyed the work and the company of the talented administrators, among them Lionel Curtis and Robert Brand, later Lord Brand, and Geoffrey Dawson, later Editor of *The Times*, who were to become his lifelong friends and associates in wider fields. The British Empire, they all felt, was not only a very powerful but also a very beneficent institution, but it needed closer integration to make it still stronger and even more useful to mankind. What could and should be done?

The answer was supplied in *The Round Table*, a new quarterly inspired by Lionel Curtis, "the Prophet" as he was called by his friends, and edited by Philip Kerr, whose articles soon attracted attention in the highest political circles. The main theme was the need to tighten the bonds of the units which composed our far-flung Empire. But how tight were they to be? Curtis demanded a federal system with a federal executive, but the editor rightly sensed that such a prospect went far beyond the desires of the colonies. Despite this disagreement, the friends reached one of their chief goals, a marked increasing interest in the Empire and a growing conviction that its destiny was to lead the world towards self-determination and the rule of law. For this high purpose the co-operation of the United States was essential. Kerr was never an Imperialist of the arrogant school of Milner, Curzon and Kipling, who looked down on some other races as inferiors and had no vision of a Commonwealth of free nations as we have today.

The First World War brought Kerr close to the heart of events when the dynamic Lloyd George ousted Asquith at the close of 1916, gathering round him old antagonists such as Milner and Curzon. The new chief, who knew much more of domestic than of foreign and Empire affairs, made him one of his principal advisers, and the more he saw of his work the more he came to value his aid. The Welsh wizard fascinated his new recruit, who entered the war years as a Conservative, like his family, and emerged from them a Liberal. As his biographer remarks, he was one of the few men in public life who had worked closely with that man of genius who

* *Lord Lothian*, by J. R. M. Butler. Macmillan, 42s.

retained his affection and admiration to the end of his life. Lloyd George, he was convinced, was the best man to direct the war and the best man to shape the peace. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in Kerr's life was when he accompanied his chief to Paris and proved his usefulness once again by establishing contacts on a crowded stage and by his skill in drafting formulas and statements.

After the war Kerr, who succeeded to the title of Lord Lothian and became the owner of great estates and magnificent historic houses, passed from Downing Street to a more limited but no less congenial activity as Secretary to the Rhodes Trust, which brought students to Oxford from all parts of the Commonwealth and the United States, the selection depending, according to Rhodes' express instruction, not solely on brains, but on character and the faculty of leadership. Here Philip Kerr was in his element. Always an optimist at heart, his friendliness and easy ways encouraged friendship, and his wide experience enlarged the vision of the lucky scholars. Here, he felt, were some of the future builders of a co-operating, prosperous and warless world. That Rhodes had generously included German youth in his benefaction, and that the ban on admission during and immediately after the war was lifted during his term of office, gave him entire satisfaction, since he always found it easier to love than to hate.

The 'thirties brought Lothian three fresh interests. When the Labour Government of 1929 collapsed under the financial crisis of 1931 and a Coalition Government was formed under the shadowy premiership of MacDonald, Lothian became for a brief period Under Secretary for India, which henceforth claimed a large share of his thought and which he learned to know and understand from successive visits. It is not surprising that he should have established the happiest relations with Gandhi, Nehru and other leaders; and who can doubt that he would have welcomed the courageous decision of the Attlee Ministry to grant India full sovereignty? At home he devoted increasing attention to the Liberal cause, speaking at meetings and striving for a revival of the party under Lloyd George. Though never a strictly party man he had much in common with the Liberal remnant, since he regarded Conservatives as too instinctively the champions of the possessing classes, and Labour as too wedded to nationalization to deserve the confidence of the business world.

A third new problem was the Nazi threat to peace, which he took less seriously, even after the reoccupation of the Rhineland, than Churchill and other prophets who read the writing on the wall. No topic is treated so fully and nowhere does his biographer allow himself such harsh words. "He knew neither the language nor the people nor the character of the Leader, hence he fatally misjudged the situation." He loathed the German régime, he declared, but did it necessarily mean war? He determined in January, 1935, to find out. Full notes of his conversations with Hitler in 1935 and 1937 fill some of the most arresting pages of the book. He reported that Germany did not want war and was preparing to renounce it absolutely as a method of settling disputes with her neighbours, provided she was given real equality. She had not had a fair deal at Versailles, and the only way to avert another conflict was to strike off some of her fetters.

If not, she would try to strike them off herself. "You cannot deal with Nazi Germany until you give her justice." What precisely constituted justice and what would satisfy her legitimate demands he never presented in full. The reoccupation of the Rhineland was welcomed as a partial restoration of her rights. A second visit in 1937 confirmed his conviction that it was a race between concessions and war and that Hitler would prefer the former. The man did not impress him. "He has a dual personality and creates mass hysteria," he wrote to his sister, "but he left me completely cold."

Lothian's appointment to Washington in 1939 was the summit of his career, and it is a tragedy that he only lived one year to demonstrate his almost unique fitness for the most vital post in the British Diplomatic Service. Churchill described him as our greatest Ambassador to the U.S.A. That is going too far, for Bryce, author of the classic *American Commonwealth*, was *persona gratissima*. It is enough to say that repeated visits, full sympathy with American ways of life, complete absence of starch and protocol, eager interest in the human comedy, and a steady flow of conversation, made him an ideal interpreter of what is best in British character and tradition during the first phase of the war which, though he did not know it, was to be decided by the ultimate intervention of America.

No portrait of Lothian would be complete nor indeed recognizable without a glimpse into his inner life, and his biographer rightly stresses the deep significance of his adoption of Christian Science in middle life in which Lord and Lady Astor, two of his closest friends, played a significant part. The break with the Catholic traditions of his family was a trial to both sides, but love bridged the gulf. The chapter entitled "Religion" takes us behind the scenes and reveals a heart and mind utterly satisfied with his new creed, in which he found fresh inspiration, both for his private and his public life. Different temperaments need different mental and spiritual diet, and, as old Tom Paine used to say, all religions are good which make men good. He was deeply mourned, and no wonder, for there was no one who lived at a higher level, more unblemished by the bustling world, than Philip Kerr. "He was intensely religious," declared his old chief, Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, without any of the hatreds which often, mar an ardent faith. In the Upper House, Lord Halifax spoke of his great faith in the spiritual realities of life. In his mind, declares his biographer on the last page of the book, the political was always transcended in the spiritual; the spiritual always came first. For him Christianity in the form which he had adopted was *via vita veritas*, the best hope for a distracted world.

G. P. GOOCH

THE HOUSING SITUATION

IT is always gratifying when the frontiers of party politics are lowered, and a subject is discussed freely without political bias. Great credit is due to Lord Silkin for his very able introduction of the debate on housing (December 2, 1959), which was conducted in a most harmonious

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spirit. There are certain facts and data about the housing situation which are of particular interest. According to the Registrar-General's forecast, the population of this country is increasing every five years by about one million people. At the present moment the number of persons per family is about three and a third, but it is tending to become less. It looks as if we shall need about 56,000 houses a year for the ensuing years merely to keep pace with the increase in population. In addition to building houses for the increasing population year by year, there has to be considered the replacement of existing houses which are old, insanitary and overcrowded.

How many houses are there in the country today which are really "unfit for human habitation", using that term in a matter of fact rather than in a strict legal sense? There is no precise answer but the following figures may be of assistance in discussion. In 1950 there were nearly seven million households with no fixed baths, and over three million families either shared or were without a water closet. Nearly two million families shared or were without a kitchen sink. Over a million families shared or were without a cooking stove. As for age, there are today approximately four and threequarter million houses over 75 years old, and of these two and a quarter million houses are a hundred years old or more.

Apart from any houses required for the estimated annual increase in population (namely, about 56,000 houses), how many houses are required for the relief of overcrowding, slum clearance, and the replacement of houses unfit for human habitation and included in clearance areas? The short answer is about 200,000 new houses a year. But that is not the end of the matter. There is an excess of immigration over emigration. It is estimated that about 10,000 houses a year are required for that purpose. Then there is the mobility of labour. It is no good talking about establishing new industries in certain areas if there is no accommodation for the people who are required to live in those areas. It is impossible to be precise in this particular matter, but it is perhaps not unfair to say that 150,000 houses should be built in the next, say, seven years in order specifically to cater for movements of industrial workers.

Taking everything into consideration it is probably fair to assert that we want to build 300,000 houses a year in future. If this country is going to build them over the next, say, 12 years, a considerable amount of land will be required. About 20,000 to 25,000 acres a year—300,000 acres for the next 12 years—will be wanted. Generally speaking, insufficient land is being zoned for housing, and indeed this is inevitable in many areas as, for example, on the outskirts of London. In any event the cost of land is rising to unprecedented figures, and it is not unusual to find that the cost of land for a dwelling is about £1,000. Why not get over the difficulty by building high flats? The trouble is that flats of, say, 13 or 14 storeys are becoming more and more expensive to build. It is now found that the maximum height for a block of flats with lifts is about nine or ten storeys. Once you exceed that height there is a very great addition to the cost. The London County Council find that they have to contribute a subsidy of £100 per dwelling per annum in respect of most of these high flats. It is submitted that no more "luxury" flats are needed (at all events

not for some time) and a much cheaper type of flat would be infinitely more useful to the community.

Now for something on the more cheerful (but not complaisant) side of the picture. Since the end of the last war 3,300,000 houses have been built. In the last few years 300,000 houses have been built each year. Moreover there is another factor to be taken into consideration. The number of individual households continues to increase. This increase in families is largely due to the fact that people now live longer and existing households remain at the same time as new ones appear. There is an increasing number of old people, and in order that they should continue to have a home of their own, the Government has provided a special Exchequer subsidy of £10 a year for 60 years on every one-bedroomed house that local authorities build. Many of these one-bedroomed houses are continuing to be built on that basis.

Then there is the wastage of existing houses by age and by neglect. It is estimated that there are three or four million houses which need modernizing. During the past 11 years there has been legislation to enable house owners to obtain grants from local authorities for the purpose of carrying out improvements to their properties. It must be admitted that these improvement grants were hedged round with restrictions which militated against their success. However, the 1959 Act came along with its famous five standard improvements—the bath, the wash basin, the water closet, the hot water boiler and the food store—and then the improvements grants became really popular. Another good point about these grants is that they are no longer permissive; they are payable as of right. If an owner adds one of these improvements to a house, the local authority must pay him half the cost of the improvement. Of that grant 75 per cent is Exchequer subsidy and 25 per cent is rate-borne. These new grants are available to all pre-1945 houses, and it is confidently expected that they will go an appreciable way to remedy the wastage of many existing houses.

But there are a large number of houses which are not worth repairing under any scheme. These are the slums which have to be cleared. There is a special subsidy of £22 1s. per annum for 60 years payable upon new houses built by a local authority to replace an unfit house. Since the end of 1955, 180,000 unfit houses have been demolished in England and Wales. By the end of 1960 the total should reach 260,000 houses. The target for Great Britain is that 200,000 persons a year should be moved out of slums. That has in fact been achieved in each of the last two years. If nothing untoward occurs it is reasonable to forecast that what one knows as "slums" will be almost entirely eradicated in this country in about 15 years.

Let us try to summarize the position by making the following general suggestions for the purpose of dealing with the housing situation: (1) Zone more land for houses. This may be painful from the agricultural point of view, but there is really no option in the matter. (2) Give up building large blocks of "luxury", or very expensive, flats, and build instead cheaper blocks of flats. (3) Construct more "new towns". This may be in the nature of a long term policy, but should repay itself a hundredfold.

MESTON

HOW TO IMPROVE OUR SCHOOLS

THERE was once a mother who boasted that she had never been taught to cook in her life, but whose meals were atrocious. She knew her family were dissatisfied because they kept grumbling, and so she tried to reorganize the times and conditions under which the food was eaten. Sometimes she made the whole family eat together, sometimes they ate separately; sometimes she put on a special tablecloth, and sometimes she moved the table into the greenhouse. But try as she would the food remained the same. The meals were as bad as ever, except for the few dishes she knew how to cook, and the complaints came as often as before. Eventually she decided it was time she tackled the real trouble and learned how to cook. Her aunt said "cooks are born, not made", but the mother persevered and learned some of the general principles involved and also some of the things to avoid. All this training did not make her a good cook but it helped to make her better than she would have been. Education has followed much the same pattern since the war and has been concerned with the organization and planning of schools. Various experiments like comprehensive schools, the Leicestershire Plan, the Area Plan, the Base Plan and the rest, have for the most part sought to arrange education in a fairer, or more efficient way. All of them have been valuable, and as an indication of the health of education in this country very encouraging, but they have barely touched the real problems of education. Whether you put a child, or a teacher in a bi-lateral school, or a public school, in a village college or a "High School", the real concerns for making the teacher more effective and for making him a complete person remain largely unaffected. What is needed is to improve the real stuff of education not just to revolutionize it, And this is to be done in the classroom, not in the education office.

Teachers, and particularly schoolmasters, are a conservative crowd. Their minds are rarely tolerant in considering educational issues and they represent a more solid, impenetrable wall of reaction than anything else in the Establishment. This makes their dampening effect enormous, as is sometimes seen in their deliberate attempts to frustrate the vision of a young schoolmaster's idealism. It is not uncommon for a young teacher beginning his career to be told that he ought to get out of the profession before it is too late and to be offered such dismal counsel that he begins to think he really has made a serious mistake. But in spite of such cynicism there are many changes that could be made. The first concerns the teachers themselves. Any attempt to make them less narrow-minded and more mature in their outlook is to be welcomed. They live the life of men among boys but often seem more like boys in the company of men. Like other professional men they talk shop incessantly, but what petty shop it is and what vital positions they hold! In some ways it is less important if doctors or solicitors are equally petty since their work merely involves technical proficiency. But the teacher is much more than a professional man; he is often the pattern of manhood for the boys in his charge. His charges may remember little about Latin grammar but they will remember him as a man, and in the most lasting way this is the most he has to offer;

he must remain a complete person and must be helped to do so.

For this reason any means by which he can be brought into close contact with men in the outside world is valuable. One proposal has been to recruit some part-time scientists from local industry, a valuable suggestion more useful than just a means of providing much needed science teachers. Other people professing different subjects could also penetrate the confines of a school common room. There are many men and women of mature years who after some training would have much to offer a school, but little is being done to encourage them. There are many married women teaching at the moment who help to keep some schools going, but there could be many more who could come to a school for a few hours each week but are prevented by narrow headmistresses or short-sighted Education Committees. The danger with such part-time intrusion is that continuity in the school would be lost, but maintaining a proper balance and ensuring that the whole scheme is kept within reasonable limits is the headmaster's job and does not raise serious difficulties.

Another way of humanizing jaundiced teachers would be to extend the practice of granting a sabbatical term at regular periods, or encouraging the teacher exchange system. Both help to take teachers into different environments and put them into contact with other people. But if sabbatical terms and exchange visits are pipe dreams there is considerable scope for getting the teachers out of the schools for a refreshing day or two each week. There are many teachers who could give much, even in a part-time capacity, to industry, commerce, social work and the like. Indeed it might be possible to arrange a straight exchange for one day a week with a local personnel manager, works' chemist, or youth employment officer. This would help to cause a broadening of the teacher's experience and bring the pupils into contact with men from outside doing a different job from teaching but having something to give—even in the teaching of narrow disciplines. Specialist teaching techniques would for the most part be unknown to such outsiders but this would prove less of a problem if such "lay" teaching was a superimposition rather than a replacement for sound methods practised by the permanent members of staff. A particularly successful way of refreshing schoolmasters has been the scheme at Balliol which welcomed teachers for a term to the college senior common room. This is in the process of being extended but could never become a large-scale movement. On more restricted lines there could be more use made of local teachers by training colleges and university departments of education. It would be a good thing for all concerned to meet regularly and could be run on similar lines to most medical schools, who often call on the services of specialists.

But the whole question of teacher-training is so enormous that it is difficult to know where to begin. What is fundamentally unfortunate is that the practice seems to have been established whereby the student takes his certificate or diploma before he has had full-time experience in a school. There seems little reason why an intending teacher should not teach for a year or two on a fixed and limited salary on the legal condition that he goes through a formal course of training before he becomes fully

qualified and then receives the normal remuneration. This would help students to discover whether they were suited to teaching and would help them to think in practical terms when they eventually began their professional course. The training of teachers should not conclude with the end of the formal course. There seems little reason why young teachers should not be obliged to continue their training on a part-time basis for the first few years of teaching. Curates in most dioceses have been obliged to do it for many years and continue to write essays, receive lectures, and hold discussions. Some university institutes of education do in fact run such courses but they are not nearly widespread enough.

When the young teacher starts work his plight is often a queer mixture of crowded days and lonely nights spent in a poky bed-sitter. More could be done to provide these young bachelors with accommodation. Indeed, if such a scheme could be extended to include the provision of houses or flats for married men there might be less grumbling about the low pay. There can be no doubt that teachers' salaries are grossly inadequate, but there can also be little doubt that they will never reach a fair professional standard. The answer must lie in providing gratuities other than cash and the provision of accommodation is one way of achieving a higher standard of living. And although this is not practised by many local education authorities it has been the practice in public schools for many years. The young teachers should keep himself up to date with modern research, but he rarely does so, and in many cases even with the right intentions finds it extremely difficult. Most masters give up trying to sort through the mass of material which never taxes the time of a specialist university lecturer. More could be done through journals, which really try to inform their readers of new research instead of fulfilling the doubtful function of providing a platform for young dons anxious "to get a learned paper published".

Better provision for staff comforts within the school would be a vast improvement. Common rooms are notoriously uncomfortable and badly furnished in most schools, and the tragic thing is that even in new schools built to the most lavish specifications including a cosy prefects' room, a "quiet room", and variegated paper in the lavatory, the staff room is usually too small, too uncomfortable, and often the worst-sited room in the building. If the high flying architects who design such palaces could appreciate the real inspiration that comes from a pleasant mid-morning break or lunch hour spent in a well-lit, pleasant common room they would realize that the ultimate benefit to the children would probably be worth much more than a lot of the elaborate planning that goes into the siting of pottery kilns or sun-lit showers. We need new plans not concerned with organization but with producing better teachers and helping them to remain in a normal state while still doing a good job. And planners must always remember that whether schools are large, small, technical or intellectual, the basic problem will be found in the classroom, the nerve-centre of education. This is where improvement must come first, but it is also the place where little impression has been made.

JOHN LELLO

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J. M. BARRIE

AFTER nearly a hundred years of theatrical barrenness there appeared, in that fantastically interesting last decade of the nineteenth century, three playwrights of genius, Shaw, Wilde and Barrie, heralded by the lesser but not negligible talent of Pinero. The three were oddly complementary: Shaw's plays were crammed with ideas but had little form; Wilde's were perfect in form but lacking in intellectual content; Barrie alone found ideal dramatic form for themes which, though richly narrative, each had a core of thought. Today, a century after his birth and 23 years after his death, Barrie's stock does not stand high. His tenderness and fantasy are out of tune with the "toughness" of our time; we are embarrassed by his playful humour, his unashamed sentimentality offends our cynicism. Thirty years of agonising *Weltschmerz* have calloused our hearts, but the Victorian and Edwardian middle-class for whom Barrie wrote could afford to indulge their softer feelings and accepted with pleasure the magic and dream and make-believe.

The content of Barrie's plays belongs to his period, but his art is timeless, and should give permanence to at least five of them. *The Admirable Crichton* was born of inspiration, it is one and indivisible, it has the integrity of a word in three syllables. It might have carried its message more unmistakably if the detail had been made less comic. *What Every Woman Knows*, after the brilliant first act, is more deliberately contrived—but with what iron logic, and what superb dialogue. *A Kiss for Cinderella* is a fairy-tale within a fairy-tale, the old romantic one growing with exquisite naturalness out of a new one of realism and pity. The play is drenched in sentiment, but the dream-ball-room scene is masterly. *Dear Brutus*—the joint product, says Denis Mackail, of Shakespeare, Barrie and Gerald du Maurier—is the greatest of the plays. Its basic idea is more significant than those of *Crichton* and *What Every Woman Knows*, and is again given a dramatic form of perfect integrity, with situations conceived and drawn with complete conviction. Moreover, the basic idea is not, as is generally assumed, developed with entire pessimism; one of the characters does make something of his "second chance". Surely Will Dearth and his daughter, in the supreme episode of the play, are lovelier to contemplate than the squalid picture of the unhappy marriage in Act I. Lob is Life the Humorist; he is also J.M.B. *Mary Rose* is disappointing in all but magic. Of its two themes, the first—based on Norse and Highland legends—of unknown terrifying powers in nature, provides that tremendous scene which ends with Simon's terrible shout: "Cameron, where is my wife?" This scene alone has tragic force enough to make the play a great one—Mr. Thomas Moulton thinks the greatest of all. The other theme, Barrie's favourite one of undying childhood, is embodied in scenes of rather sickly pathos, and the childishness of Mary Rose in Act I and the oddity of the concluding passages between the soldier and the ghost are out of key with the magical issue. Here we have a handful of fine and exciting plays forgotten by all but the amateur companies. It is too much to expect that they should be revived for the national stage, but they should certainly be

transferred to the screen. *Crichton* has been done, and *Mary Rose* must be left alone—no producer could be trusted with the critical episode. But if the other three plays were filmed with the reverential treatment accorded to Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, a whole new generation could delight in the masterpieces written to delight their grandparents.

With the looser form of the novel Barrie was less successful. But set him a limit and he triumphed. The sketches that make up the *Window* and the *Idylls* are gems cut with the finest skill. He was a master of the minor art of the occasional speech, at school or college function or convivial gathering. Who that was present will ever forget the Presidential speech at the Authors' Dinner on November 28, 1928? He took enormous pains with these speeches, and learnt them off by heart so that they could be delivered impromptu. As it happened, the last book Barrie wrote was a short one, though longer than the normal sketch. Dr. W. H. Hamilton thought *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan* Barrie's supreme achievement, and I cannot see how it should die, though it first appeared as a Christmas supplement to *The Times*. In it you may find the essence of his magic, mystification and enchantment. The glen, the great frost that "locked" it, and its human tenants are drawn with quiet realism, while the supernatural substance of the tale is handled with supreme skill. From a mildly satirical account of the Rev. Adam Yestreen and his relations with "the English" we are gradually drawn into the story of the minister's adventure with the ambiguous Miss Julie Logan. It would seem that she is a *revenant*, a "stranger", the ghost of the girl who saved the Prince after the '45 (and how vividly the Jacobite passion of loyalty is presented), but she is solid enough to deliver a glen-woman's baby and to carry a basket of food that could be found weeks afterwards in the corner of the field where she and Adam had left it. We have to believe—for Adam came to accept it—that she was but a figment of the young minister's brain, yet the climax of the story comes—with a blend of terror and humour only to be paralleled in Carlyle—like this. Adam has told Julie, his "spectrum" love, completely real to him, that he has been warned that there is something about her which, if he knew it, would make him "drop her in the burn". Julie says they will try, and carrying her with infinite tenderness he wades into the water:

She said: "Kiss me first, Adam, in case you have to drop me." I kissed her. "Hold me closer," she said, "lest by some dread undoing you should let me slip." I held her closer. "Adam dear," she said, "it is this. I am a Papist." At that awful word I dropped her in the burn.

And away altogether went poor Adam's wandering wits, though they came back, a little broken, by-and-by. I place *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan* with *The Turn of the Screw* as a perfect ghost-story. It is also a perfect love-story. It is unique in its mingling of pity, terror and humour. Its style is delicious, and suitably Scotticised.

They say the man should be greater than his work. It was not true of Pope, and it was not true of Wordsworth, but the proposition is an interesting one. For Barrie, the children are on his side, not only by reason of *Peter Pan* but because he was their ideal playmate. There is that delectable story of Princess Margaret at the age of three, hearing Barrie's

name mentioned, and piping up with, "I know that man. He is my greatest friend, and I am *his* greatest friend." Yet he entirely lacked the element of simplicity. He was always playing a part, and watching himself act. How well he was aware of this in himself he showed by deepening it to a vice in his one tragedy, *Tommy and Grizel*. Tommy, good fellow as he is, can never be quite sincere, his art and his conception of himself come first; it is his "*hamartia*", and it drives him to a grotesquely horrible end; unfortunately (and it is the bitterest edge of the cruel self-satire) he drags down poor lovely Grizel by the way.

Barrie never lost the sense of having risen from lowly origins: he had wanted to become famous, and famous he had become; he could be humorously conceited about dining with a duchess. There is little sign of a mother-complex, yet those long years of devotion to Margaret Ogilvy and her memory could not fail to leave a mark. In his art it probably accounts for his choice of heroines. Like Shakespeare and Scott he idealized women, but on limited lines. His characteristic heroine is not only young in years but, while wholly delightful, is irresponsible and otherwise childish: Babbie, Phoebe, Cinderella, Margaret, Mary Rose, Julie the "spectrum". Only twice does he depict a complete woman, strong and wise, of mature personality, in Grizel and Maggie Shand. He failed to make his wife happy, but he had many excellent friends, both men and women. Lady Cynthia Asquith, after 20 years of close companionship, would not sum him up other than as an "individual and bewildering ghost."

A Scotch, introspective Dickens? Dickens was, of course, the more overwhelming genius, but the two men were alike in their superabundant fertility of narrative invention, in their frequent inability to control the tear-ducts, and in the glory of their humour. Barrie's humour is slier and more subtle than Dickens', but it is so rich and robust that for its sake alone re-reading him is well worth-while.

HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE SUEZ CANAL

THE publication of Sir Anthony Eden's book *Full Circle* naturally suggests that the complete evacuation of the Canal Zone in 1954 was an unfortunate mistake, and that those Members who, under the leadership of Captain Waterhouse, opposed it, were fully justified by the event. I had been prevented from taking part in the debate on July 28 of that year because I had to go into a nursing home to undergo an operation. When the House met again at the end of October the Suez group unanimously requested me to act as their spokesman. On going to see the Speaker he kindly informed me that he would call me third, after Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Herbert Morrison had spoken. I strongly opposed the absolute withdrawal of our troops which were, in accordance with the Agreement, to leave the Canal Zone in 20 months. The only people to be left behind were the civilian caretakers of the vast stores and equipment. It was pointed out how extraordinary it was to insert in the Agreement a

clause which insisted that Egypt should observe the Constantinople Convention of 1888, which assured the free passage of the Canal. This was in spite of the fact that for the last four years Egypt had held up all Israeli shipping and had disobeyed the injunction of the Security Council of the League of Nations to throw open the Canal. It was maintained by Captain Waterhouse and others that while the bulk of the 80,000 troops could be safely withdrawn it would be possible to hold the Ports of Suez and Port Said at each end of the Canal. As Egypt had unilaterally denounced the Agreement of 1936 we ourselves were no longer bound by it. Egypt had undertaken by this Agreement to protect, not only British subjects, including Cypriots and Maltese, but all foreigners, and when the terrible massacre of January 1952 broke out in Cairo our troops should have advanced and occupied not merely Cairo but also Alexandria and in fact the whole of Egypt. Sir Anthony Eden himself tells us that on January 25 well-organized gangs, who were working on a carefully prepared plan, systematically fired buildings. A number of British owned properties were burnt out and at the Turf Club the Canadian High Commissioner and nine British subjects were murdered by the mob in a most brutal manner. The material damage to central Cairo was estimated at three or four million pounds and this figure referred to British interests alone. It must be pointed out that it was a very great mistake ever to have abandoned Cairo and Alexandria, as it was laid down in the Agreement of 1936 that the huts in the Canal Zone and the roads leading to them were to be provided by the Egyptian Government. As this was never done there was no legal compulsion to abandon the barracks in Cairo and Alexandria. It seemed absurd that we should have had to build ourselves the huts in the Canal Zone. The discomfort suffered by 80,000 troops pent up within these narrow boundaries was very great, and the massacre of January, 1952, gave us the best possible legal ground for returning to Cairo and Alexandria as the Egyptian Government had totally failed in its obligation to protect British subjects and foreigners.

I quoted in the House of Commons on November 2, 1954, a long extract from the speech which Sir Winston Churchill had made in May, 1946, pointing out that if British troops were to evacuate the Canal Zone we should never be able to get back there. I had written to Sir Winston, in accordance with Parliamentary etiquette, to tell him that I felt sure he would not take it amiss if I were to quote from his speech. His Private Secretary rang me up on the morning of the debate to ask me to let her have the exact reference of the passage which I proposed to quote. I gave her the reference in Hansard and read out to her the whole of the passage. Sir Winston Churchill was present at the debate and, as I was sitting on the third row immediately behind the Treasury bench he got up from his seat and sat under the Speaker's chair, looking at me the whole time. He remained to the end, and when I had sat down he rose, smiled at me most benignly, bowed and walked out. No-one ever attempted to reply to this argument and Sir Anthony Eden in closing the debate, while answering other points in my speech, left this argument severely alone. Sir Winston had been attacking in 1946 the proposed Sidky-Bevin Agreement which fell through owing to the fact that the Egyptians had refused to accept the

British declaration with regard to the Sudan. In the debate on the 1954 Agreement on July 29 Mr. Attlee had quoted the Prime Minister as saying: "Things are built up with great labour and cast away with great shame and folly." Mr. Attlee quoted a further statement of Winston Churchill: "We know that there is no satisfactory method of keeping the Canal open, and making sure that it is kept open, except by keeping troops there."

Captain Waterhouse pointed out in the same debate:

The terms are for the evacuation of all forces within 20 months. In other words, we have got to get out just as quickly as our ships and our engineers can get us out. The stores, the equipment, installations, public utilities, communications, bridges, pipelines and wharves are to be handed over, and the Egyptian Government will assume responsibility for their security. We pay the bill. We have handed over £500 million worth of stores and buildings to the Egyptians, and if they like to use them against Palestine or against anybody else, who is going to say "No, you will not"?

We were now taking a decision which was absolutely irrevocable.

The Suez Group had maintained that it would still have been possible to have held the Ports of Port Said and Suez at each end of the Canal with a couple of brigades. The Government had treated this with scorn, but it has been stated by Sir Anthony Eden himself that "a task force of two Israeli brigades had overcome formidable defences outside Abu Aweigla." These had been planned by the Egyptian army's German advisers. The task force then advanced by road to Ismailia on the Canal, which they reached in four days. Sir Anthony goes on to tell us that an Israeli column of one brigade plunged towards the south. It advanced along almost impassible tracks down the West Coast of the Gulf of Aqaba and assaulted the fortified position of Sharm-el-Sheikh. Although its commander had 2,000 men and was strongly entrenched, he surrendered after a brief fight. Like many Egyptian commanders he explained that his men were "no good".

The Government communiqué stated the hope that the Agreement would contribute to the maintenance of peace and security. Mr. Julian Amery said that Sir Anthony Eden had expressed the hope that there would be a growing improvement in our relations with Egypt. Mr. Julian Amery thought that it must be difficult for the Foreign Secretary to express these hopes after the bitter experience that he had had of Egyptian good faith in the Sudan during the previous November. Frequent references were made in the course of the debate to the transference of our base to Cyprus, but Sir Anthony Eden has stated in his book that unfortunately we had neglected to build a suitable port in Cyprus, and when the trouble finally broke out our troops had to be transported from Malta, which is nearly a thousand miles away. At the close of my speech I stated:

I am very reluctant to oppose this treaty, but I am encouraged by the thought that I was one of the few Members who voted against the Yalta Agreement.

Can anyone say that we were not right to vote against it, when we look at the world and especially at Asia today?

When Colonel Nasser seized the Canal on July 26, 1956, it was, I think, evident to everyone that the Suez Group in the House of Commons had been fully justified in opposing the complete abandonment of the Canal, accepted by the Agreement signed on October 19, 1954.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

THE FAMILY OF HASHIM

WHEN Mohammed the Prophet of Arabia foretold his own death, he exhorted the people of the faith to guard the two things which he bequeathed to them: his religion and his family. After 14 hundred years both are still very much with us. Each plays a part in many of the countries which are likely to be of increasing importance as times goes by. The story of the descendants of the House of Mohammed is one which has never yet been fully told; but they have occupied an unique position within the tribe without a homeland, the State without borders, the religion and ethic called Islam. In Persia, Yemen and other lands where the Shiite sect holds sway, descendants of Mohammed are considered to possess supernatural powers, to be more important than kings, to convey a blessing even with a curse. In other countries, though they are neither priests nor kings (and both are forbidden in orthodox Islam) they receive the homage reserved elsewhere for both.

All Arabs claim descent from a major progenitor Adnan, who was said to be of the line of Abraham and Hagar. There is some evidence to indicate that a descendant of Adnan's—one Ma'ad—flourished about 89 B.C., and restored the Ishmaelite suzerainty over the Hejaz. From that time the Prophet's pedigree shows 14 generations to El Quresh, the Unifier, who in about 450 A.D. unified the tribes of Arabia and resumed power over the holy city of Mecca. From him the guardians of the city took their dynastic name of Qureshis. His grandson was Hashim, and the generations which succeeded Hashim called themselves Hashimites. The name is perpetuated in many families today, including that of King Hussein of Jordan. A widespread belief among the Moslems is that the Caliph of Islam should be of the Hashimite family; and this idea has continually prompted the rise of such men as the Old Man of the Mountains, claiming descent from Mohammed, who clashed with the Crusaders in the Holy Land and who stated that he was destined to rule the world. Similarly, profiting by a legend that a Sayed will lead Islam to victory over all, the Mahdi of the Sudan took up the sword in the name of the family of Hashim. The descendants of both, incidentally, are people of prominence today.

Although Sayeds and Sharifs (the descendants of Mohammed through his grandsons Hasan and Hussein) had ruled Egypt, in Delhi and still held on in the Yemen, the irruption of foreign conquerors early shattered any likelihood of the Caliphate remaining in Hashimite hands. The conquering Turks, the Kurds under Saladin, even Western invaders divided the countries of Islam into States in which the national culture eventually reasserted itself, and the Middle Ages saw a Turkish, Persian and Indian Empire—to name but a few—whose sovereigns claimed the position of Commander of the Faithful. In the meantime, the descendants were reduced to the status of petty rulers under greater ones: Libya under the Turks, large and small fiefs under the larger feudal sovereignty of the noble (but non-Sayed) overlords. Only in Afghanistan did the Sayeds of Paghman maintain a

complete political and religious hold over their fierce tribal following. Meanwhile, the general attitude of the people towards the family of the prophet remained unchanged. Sayeds (who had by now multiplied considerably) developed into religious teachers, ministers and heads of Sufi (mystical) orders. Their tombs became places of pilgrimage, against all original Islamic practice. Others took up the profession of arms, and these were highly esteemed by their non-Sayed masters. The reason for both aspects of Sayed prominence lay in their rigorous training and discipline. There is no Sayed family today which does not claim that it follows certain precepts and practices which have been handed down from the Prophet: the pattern of the "Perfect Man". In accordance with the feeling of *noblesse oblige* which underlies most aristocratic systems, the family of Hashim submit their children to a method of mind and body training which has its roots in the practices of the early anchorites of Arabia. It was to acquire these virtues that the children of the Quresh in far-off days were sent into the desert to be trained by the elders of the Beduin tribes.

In addition to contemplation and religious exercises, the young Sayed is expected to practise certain principles; first one at a time, then all together. He must consider that he is not of this world; yet he should have an occupation and treat others with the utmost consideration. He should seek poverty before he seeks riches. He should wear no silk nor gold. He must spend stated periods of time in cultivating generosity—but this must be combined with equity and setting an example in self-assertion. These, and many other practices, tend to produce someone who does stand out in ordinary society. The consciousness that he is expected to lead prayers, or people into battle at a moment's notice, or direct thinking on almost any subject, tends to penetrate a person until it shows. It need hardly be added that although the teachers of the Sayeds emphasize the high destiny to which they have been called, the complete obedience which they receive from the rank and file must help enormously in enabling the young man to attain poise.

With the multiplicity of Sayeds through Islam, from Mindanao to Timbuktu, occupying places in society which covered almost every aspect, fresh considerations in the sphere of discrimination must have developed. This could be the reason why it has become axiomatic that there are "Sayeds and Sayeds". With the Arab (and Oriental) passion for pedigree, the convention has developed that a Sayed is assessed not only by his immediate descent, but also by his ancestral achievements. Thus, a Sayed who comes of a military and religious family is preferred above one who has no such distinction during the past five generations. Those who have combined religious leadership with military or political power during the past few hundred years are considered to be more important than the others. While this system of evaluation may be thought to smack a little of the criteria employed in stock-rearing, the descendants and their apologists claim that a continued record of success in things of the world and not of the world points to a satisfactory maintenance of the training system of the line.

In some countries (such as India and Pakistan) there are few reliable

records of the pedigree of the many families claiming Sayed origin, and no central authority which administers matters of precedence and authentication of genealogy. For this reason the descendants in the Indian sub-continent are somewhat cut off from the rather proud ones of, say, Afghanistan, Persia or the Arab lands. At the same time they have their own followings. An exception to this rule were the rulers of the Indian State of Sardhana, near Delhi, which was extinguished with the relinquishment of the British Raj. I remember the old Nawab (Prince) Sayed Amjad Ali-Shah as a model of the best type of Sayed. He was the grandson of an Afghan warlord, Sayed Jan-Fishan Khan, and still possessed vast lands in his ancestral homeland. The Jan-Fishanis mixed very little with the Indians, and remained an obstinate and unabsorbed Afghan-Sayed enclave in the vastness of India. Frugality and generosity were carried on by them to an extreme degree. Away in Afghanistan the territories of Paghman and Kohistan are still peopled by the followers of this family, who acknowledge no real ruler, temporal or spiritual, other than them. They number some three-quarters of a million, and still maintain the shrines of the soldier-khans who guided them in every way until the recent days of the present Afghan kingdom. The Family of Hashim, then, still plays a part in Islam. And the pan-Islamic propaganda of Colonel Nasser from Cairo during the past few years has served in part to awaken mass interest in those Sayeds who might qualify to form a leadership for the Moslem republic which many feel is the coming thing. Was it not preached by Jamaluddin the Afghan, inspirer of modern Egyptian nationalism?

WILLIAM FOSTER

HAMBURG TODAY

WHENEVER Hamburg is mentioned many people think of a large port. Less people know that Hamburg is also the greatest German trading centre, and still less that today in terms of production figures its industry ranks top in Western Germany; in terms of employment it is surpassed in Germany only by West Berlin. This third—industrial—face is relatively a new one; after the last war, much of Hamburg's *hinterland*—Eastern Germany, the Danube countries and the Balkan countries—was cut off by the Iron Curtain. To make up for this loss of trade and shipping, Hamburg resorted to developing and increasing the volume of its industry, with gratifying success. But the city has also other faces. There is the Hamburg of patrician-patriarchal history; the Hamburg of the Hanseatic League; the city whose heart is, in more meanings than one, on the lovely Alster, in the centre, but whose interests are concentrated on the more sober Elbe, on the outskirts; Hamburg—the city-State and the city-Republic; the town with the largest amusements district in the world; Hamburg—the second largest city of German-speaking people. With its 1,800,000 population it ranks after Berlin, but—and this is not

well known—before Vienna. These various faces are striking, many of them are exciting, and together they create harmony.

It begun with Charlemagne who built a fort there. It almost ended in 1943, when within ten days 55,000 people were killed and 300,000 dwellings—more than half of Hamburg's total—were destroyed in seven heavy air raids. The rubble, cleared after the war, could have filled a goods trains three-quarters the length of the equator. Today Hamburg is rebuilt, although not yet completely. Between Charlemagne and Hitler lay the history of this most cosmopolitan German city. Vikings and fire destroyed it more than once, and for a large period it was ruled by the Danes. Victims of religious persecution from the Low Countries found a refuge in Hamburg; so did Jews, expelled from Spain. Hamburg was the first German town to introduce street lighting (in 1672); the world's first periodical started in Hamburg, in 1663; and the city's airport is the oldest in Europe.

For centuries Hamburg's history was connected with that of the Hanseatic League. There is an old Finnish word, *kansas*, which means an army or a people; absorbed into the old German as *hansa*, it denoted a group or a crowd; in the twelfth century it took on a specialized meaning: Hansa was a confederation of free ports and cities in which Hamburg played a great role. Not at the beginning, though. Initially it was only a subsidiary port of Lubeck, its North Sea outlet. Lubeck was the centre of the Hansa to which also cities far inland belonged, such as Breslau. Lubeck on the Baltic Sea was the head of the League, because in the Middle Ages Germany's face was turned to the East. Even so, enterprising Hamburg merchants travelled far, and established their offices in England, in The Netherlands and in Russia. King Henry III of England granted the Hamburg merchants in London the right *quod ipsi habeant hansam suam*. Later their London offices were situated in Steelyard, in the City. But Lubeck remained preponderant in the League, and it was only after the discovery of America that Hamburg's great time really began. The port lies on the Elbe, the Elbe runs to the North Sea and the Atlantic, and beyond to the New World and to the rest of the earth. It was Hamburg's good fortune not to be involved in the eclipse of the Hanseatic League; on the contrary, while Baltic trade became a local affair, Hamburg's participation in world trade was growing more and more. Today Hamburg is Europe's fourth largest port, in terms of annually handled tonnage—after Rotterdam, London and Antwerp, and before Marseilles and Genoa. Incidentally, Hamburg is also the second among the small independently governed units of Europe: it ranks in size after Luxemburg, but is larger than (in this order) West Berlin, Andorra, Bremen (which is also a free Republic within Federal Germany), Liechtenstein, San Marino, Monaco and the Vatican City.

Hamburg is both a city and a *land*, and the burgomaster is both the head of the city and the State. Throughout most of its history, Hamburg proudly adhered to its republican system. It retained that system also in the German Reich which came into being in 1871—and if this appears illogical, then the Indian Republic's membership of a Commonwealth,

headed by a crowned Sovereign, is also illogical. It was only during the Hitler era that Hamburg was incorporated into Prussia and had to suffer a *Gauleiter*. Today it calls itself once more a "free Hanseatic city". "Hanseatic" may sound outdated, but the adjective "free" is very much alive: goods unloaded and re-exported in Hamburg are no subject of Federal German customs; the city's senators are not allowed to accept decorations; and, historically speaking, although the burghers developed into patricians, it never had an exclusive aristocracy as was the case in Venice, for instance. When I was shown the meeting hall of the Hamburg Parliament in the magnificent *Rathaus*, and was surprised to see that there was no ceiling, only roof, and that the roof was of glass, the charming, guiding *Amtsdirktor* remarked with a smile: "This is just to show that over the Hamburgers there is only God." Pride was behind the smile. The burghers have always been proud. In past centuries it used to be their custom to assess their own taxes; this was not a bad deal for the city, for the citizens more often than not made higher tax returns than was justified by their income; and they did it because they were proud—and also in order to enhance their credit rating and standing. Cheating seems to be an unknown word in Hamburg. When I was shown the port and its great store houses, I was told that there is no pilfering whatsoever. How many ports of the world can boast this? And it has to be borne in mind that more than one-fifth of all goods exported from and imported to Western Germany is handled in Hamburg, where also half the entire West German shipping is registered. The scrupulous honesty of the people, their industrious work in all walks of life, blended with their genuinely European and international outlook is one reason for Hamburg's speedy regeneration after the war and its present importance in the world. The rest was supplied by geography, although in this respect the detrimental effect of the Iron Curtain, dropped about 25 miles east of Hamburg, is heavily felt. However, there are signs that geography comes into its own once more, slowly defeating artificial barriers, erected by politics; there seems to be a growing tendency in the Central European satellite countries to resume the use of this gateway to the world.

Hamburg is proud not only of its material achievements. Its opera house is the oldest in Germany, and Germany's first national theatre was erected here. This is the city where Brahms was born, where Mendelssohn, Heine and Hebbel lived, where Richard Strauss conducted. Hamburg's architecture shows none of the drabness so often encountered in other great ports. The Hamburgers have always been great patrons of literature and art. The parks are truly beautiful, and the horticulture is on a very high level. No wonder, considering all this, that it is the city which has the largest international tourist traffic in Germany. The "*Quiddies*"—as non-Hamburgers are jokingly called there—like the Alster-Elbe town. Scandinavians and people from the Low countries, as well as North and South Americans visit it in their thousands each year. The British are less in evidence. This is surprising, for Hamburg, with its genuine western outlook, is nearer to their way of life than any other Germany city. The British Military Government after the war, which for a time was situated

in Hamburg, laid the foundations of rebuilding and re-education to democracy. It was an easy task here, for the Hamburgers have always been liberty loving republicans, defying Kaisers and Hitlers. It is comforting to realize that Germany's gateway to the western world is so western.

SIMON WOLF

JOURNEY IN WAZIRISTAN

THE casualty ward in the new Government hospital at Miramsha was filled with bullet-wounded victims, squatting on their beds or lying under red hospital blankets. A corpse lay on one bed, covered by a blanket. I was asking the Pakistani doctor how the man had died when the blanket lifted back and an old Wazir raised a shrivelled hand in salute to his magnificently-featured face. A thigh had been shattered by a carefully aimed bullet. These men were all victims of a blood feud, brought in to have bullets removed and wounds stitched up so that they might live to die again. This was Waziristan.

It had taken weeks of letter-writing and endless visits to offices before Tom and I had secured permission from the Pakistan Government to make a filming expedition into Waziristan, a semi-independent area of 5,000 square miles on the North-West Frontier of Pakistan populated by the fierce, lawless Pathans numbering about 40,000 fighting men. We left Thal, the last military outpost, before crossing into Waziristan with an escort of two lorry loads of armed Scouts and two jeeps, which seemed a little superfluous after the escort commander's reply to my question: "No, there are no incidents here now. Everything has been safe for a long time." Later, however, passing through the deep Spinvar Defile, Major Niazi (our liaison officer) told us that two officers had been ambushed and one killed there earlier that year.

The escort took us to Miramshah, political headquarters of the North Waziristan Agency, where we stayed several days in the heavily guarded fortress barracks of the Tochi Scouts. Major Niazi was put in the Russel Room where Captain Russel, a British officer, had had his head removed one night by a Mahsud; he seemed relieved when the Political Agent asked us to move because the notorious Fakir of Ipi, a fanatical religious leader who had repeatedly stirred up the tribesmen against the British, was agitating again. So the Tochi Scouts escorted us down to Tank, the headquarters of the South Waziristan Agency, where Captain Awan, the Political Agent and an ex-naval captain, asked us to stay in his bungalow (the same bungalow in which three British Political Agents had been murdered). He told us that everything was safe now, though he failed to mention the fact that he himself had been shot at recently. A keen amateur photographer, he made us stay to see his films and then sent us to Wana with the Resident's convoy, an impressive affair of ten vehicles filled with Scouts and Khassildars (the armed local police). Near Jandola we were held up by rifle fire. Colonel Yussuf, the Resident, told us that the rifles

were fired in his honour, though someone travelling in the front vehicle told me that some bullets had come uncomfortably close for honour's sake.

From Jandola to Wana the road passes through the famous Shahur Tangi, a great defile where too many British soldiers have been killed. Khassildars now stood along the road, rifles sticking up from underneath sodden blankets—their only protection against a sudden rainstorm. White flags waved from pickets on all the major heights to show that the road was safe and clear, for this, the boundary between Wazir and Mahsud territory, is a dangerous area because the tribesmen try to commit their crimes in disputed areas so that the blame cannot be attached to any one tribe. The escort saw us safely to Wana Fort, where we stayed as guests of the South Waziristan Scouts. Here we were fortunate to be allowed to film the frenzied Khattak sword dance by long-haired tribesmen, and to accompany the Scouts on one of their patrols out into the surrounding hills. The filming finished, we motored south into Baluchistan.

In our tour of Waziristan, the contrast between old and new appeared constantly. This is due to the fact that until the British left in 1947 the outside world made only a limited impact upon these people, who resisted all things foreign with an unusual ferocity. The British had built roads which we travelled on; they had built the forts which we stayed in. The Officers' Messes of the Tochi and South Waziristan Scouts are filled with magnificent sporting prints, pictures and silverware presented by British officers—now zealously preserved by Pakistani officers. The tartan-uniformed pipe-band of the South Waziristan Scouts, which played us a strange array of Scottish and local Pathan tunes especially adapted for the pipes, and the old toothless Pathan Mohammedan Rabbabi singing "Three German Officers crossed the Rhine, they kissed the women and drunk the wine"—words which he had learnt while serving with the British in the 1914-1918 war—are reminders that the British garrisoned the area and fought here. But the British made remarkably little impact upon the tribesman's way of life.

Consequently Waziristan has remained, until recently, very much an entity in itself cut off from the outside world. Within Waziristan the tribesmen are allowed to carry rifles (all from the age of five upwards do), made in small tribal arms factories such as the one which we saw at Darra, where tribesmen, filing stolen steel, produce from two to four hundred rifles a month. When leaving tribal territory for the settled districts, the tribesmen must deposit their rifles at the police posts. A line of customs posts prevents the people taking foreign cloth and carpets, brought into Waziristan by Nomads migrating from the Afghan mountains, through into Pakistan proper. Ramat Khan, Major Niazi's orderly, had wanted to buy a fine piece of English "lady cloth" for his wife. In Miramsha it would cost him four rupees a yard: in Peshawar 20 rupees a yard—if he could get it. But Major Niazi had forbidden him, saying that as an army officer he would be trusted not to take anything through the customs.

Frontier Crime Regulation, a system whereby disputes are settled by tribal customary law, administered by a council of elders (the *Jirga*), prevails in Waziristan. This customary law recognizes the blood feud and

adultery as justifying murder. At a case, recently settled in Miramsha, a man brought before a *Jirga* for murdering a man and a girl in a cave pleaded that he had found them committing adultery. The *Jirga* praised and acquitted him. Kidnapping still occurs. The Mahauds are holding two Public Works Department workers, whom they ambushed and captured, until the Department pays them the money which they claim is owing for work done on the roads. An officer told me that they still have an Air Force man whom they captured. The Pakistan Government refuse to pay the ransom money: "They say it would create a dangerous precedent. But the man is married there and probably much happier than he was in the Air Force." So, though they no longer capture Europeans to improve their stock (as one man told me, "look at their fair complexions and blue eyes"), kidnapping still continues.

This picture of lawlessness and the survival of the fittest is changing. For whereas the British had done little more than try to keep a minimum of law and order by strong military garrisons, the Pakistan Government, realizing that economic poverty is the chief cause of unrest, has embarked on a programme of economic development. Herein they have the advantage that, because the Pakistan political officers are all Moslems, the tribesmen no longer earn religious credit by killing them. Furthermore, since partition, there have been no rich Hindus to kidnap for ransom money.

Nevertheless, the obstacles to development are still great. Most of Waziristan is mountainous and precipitous, leaving little cultivable soil, and the rainfall is usually less than 15 inches a year. Campaigns, use of wood for fuel and the ravages of the goat have largely stripped the natural forest cover, so what little rain falls runs off the ground unchecked, with a destructive velocity, carrying away precious soil. For days we drove through a dry, mountainous desert, seeing nothing living except on little cultivated patches along the rivers and around occasional springs and wells. Agriculture is further limited by the gross lack of education. Ignorant people overstock the land with vast herds of goats and sheep, and still dig their fields with wooden spades.

In spite of these difficulties, the Government is making considerable progress. There are now 140 schools, as opposed to 16 when the British left. More and more Pathans are being trained as doctors and engineers and for other professions in the Down Country universities, especially the University of Peshawar, which has special facilities for tribesmen. Electricity, brought in from a hydro-electric plant on the Kurram River, will aid the development of cottage industries. A dam on the Gormal River will provide water to irrigate 30,000 acres of land, in addition to generating 19,000 kilowatts of electricity. We were shown two small silk mills in Miramshah and Mir Ali, started by enterprising tribesmen who found the necessary capital. Equally important is the work of the Village Aid Organization, which claims to generate a spirit of self-help in the villages throughout Pakistan. Tribesmen, selected from the villages and trained for a year in agricultural techniques and cottage industries, are encouraging the villagers to improve their agricultural methods and adopt productive,

new cottage industries such as weaving and basketmaking. Ploughs are brought in for the people to copy, improved varieties of seed issued and rams imported to improve the local breed of sheep. In the village of Darpa Khel we saw villagers, urged on by a man with a drum, digging a new irrigation channel. In the same village the boys have formed a boys' club. A crowd of them were sitting on the ground watching an instructor demonstrate the use of an anti-insect spray, the correct way to castrate a sheep, how to make baskets, and how to clean their teeth—a rather large programme for a morning's lessons.

Tribesmen in the larger villages and towns are taking a more active part in the economy. In Tank we were introduced to a tribal "Malik" who has built a petrol pump and garage. In the narrow streets of the Mahsud bazaar of Tank, followed by a Pied Piper's trail of small boys, I filmed silversmiths, cobblers, medicine mixers and haircutters working away. Clearly the tribesmen are participating more and more fully in the economic life of the nation. By increasing their economic opportunities the Government is effectively countering the stream of propaganda from Kabul in Afghanistan, which attempts to persuade the Pathans that they want an independent State of their own—a "Pathunistan". I asked one tribal Malik what he thought about this "Pathunistan business". "I hate that word," he replied. "We are sensible people. We know that we are better off if we stay in Pakistan. Those people in Afghanistan are becoming Communist. We are Moslems. You are Christians. We both believe in God. Communism is anti-God. So we must stand together against this Communism."

Another Malik, Mir Bad Shah, O.B.E., told me that in 1948 he had been to the Prime Minister of Pakistan and said: "If you give me ammunition I will overrun Afghanistan in less than a month." But the Prime Minister had told him that that was not a good thing to do against their neighbour. "Now it is too late," he said sadly, "because the Russians have trained their army and given them weapons." Rahim Bad, a bearded Wazir chief, further illustrates the increasing participation with the Government. He proudly introduced himself as the man who shot Major Finis, a British Political Agent. After ten years, living as an outlaw in the hills, he surrendered this year to the Government, who returned his land. No, Waziristan is changing. Its Pathans are becoming Pakistanis. We thanked history for helping us to see it before the change had gone too far.

LANCE CLARK

MOROCCAN HOLIDAY

FOR a holiday that is completely and utterly different in scenery, people and customs Morocco provides the answer. The most likely method of arrival is by ferry from Gibraltar to Tangiers. This is a pleasant two-hour journey from Europe to Africa, by way of the

Mediterranean and the Atlantic, which in itself is unusual and exciting. Then on arrival in Tangiers one is struck by the fact that one is in Africa proper; not darkest Africa, but the most vivid, brightest Africa bathed in a sunlight never found in Europe. One feels as though the sun is nearer. Indeed, it is. Tangiers is an ideal place for the family, and children will find the beach a paradise. Long stretches of golden sand, and not a pebble in sight, form a perfect playground, and it is possible to walk some distance into the sea before it becomes at all deep: very nice for paddlers, toddlers and learners; the swimmers will find plenty of room a little farther out. Tangiers stands on a bay, as blue as any Mediterranean picture postcard, though in fact it is washed by the waters of the Atlantic. In the distance are the hills of Spain, and on a clear day Gibraltar can be seen across the Straits. But that is Europe. Turn about, face south, and there is Africa. Only a fraction of the vast African continent; if it were possible to walk in a straight line across the desert, over the savanna, and through the forest, for 5,000 miles, one would still be in Africa at the end of the journey. But, for the moment, one is in Tangiers in the north-west corner of the continent. Facing the bay is a palm-lined avenue, and along this have been built several modern and very comfortable hotels. Prices are very reasonable, the food is good and so is the service. Not far away is the main shopping centre for Europeans, and a little further still is the *souk*, the native quarter.

Shopping in the *souks* of Tangiers, Marrakesh, Fez, or any of the Moroccan towns and villages can be great fun, providing considerable practice in the art of bargaining. Sentimentalists may feel somewhat uneasy at the idea of bargaining; not quite nice, they would say, and rather unfair on the poor shopkeepers. Not a bit of it. Part of the ritual of buying and selling is the constant haggling over prices, and if a shopkeeper sold an article for the original price asked, he would not only feel cheated of an argument, but would look upon the customer as a half-wit or a nit-wit. Except in those shops which obviously have fixed prices, never pay the price first quoted for any article. A fair price might be approximately half what is asked, or even less, and if after some haggling your offer is accepted, you can be fairly certain that the seller has made a good profit.

When visiting the *souks*, whether on a shopping spree or merely to have a look, first take a guide to show you the way in, the way round, and the way out. He will conduct you round the maze of narrow alleys, will lead you into various selected shops and will assure you in the most convincing manner that only in those particular shops are the goods of the best quality, and only in those shops are you really getting your money's worth. Do not be convinced. The shops into which he has led you are the very ones which will provide him with a commission on everything you buy, and the prices of everything you buy will promptly go up accordingly. So it would be wise to avoid buying anything in those shops recommended by the guide, or else to return to them without a guide at a later date.

The *souks* in Marrakesh are absorbingly interesting. Tinsmiths, copper-smiths, silversmiths, wood-workers, leather-workers, carpet-makers,

wrought-iron workers, and a host of others all labour with infinite patience; boys of seven or eight, men of 70 or 80, all skilled in their respective crafts, will produce magnificent work with hardly a machine between the lot of them. The native costumes are a constant reminder of another continent; the *djellabah*, a garment not unlike an outsize duffle-coat, which is worn by the men; the cloaks and veils of the women; the strange garb of the country-folk; all this is a reminder that Morocco is Africa, and far removed from France, or Italy, or The Netherlands. The minarets, too, are essentially Moroccan, and from them at set times during the day and night may be heard the *muezzin* calling the faithful to prayer.

The countryside, too, is African. Native flowers everywhere add colour to the rich green of the land. Yellow mimosas, pink and red geraniums, bougainvillea in dazzling colours, the greyish green leaves of the eucalyptus trees, the redness of the soil, the stateliness of the palms, and the vastness of the whole landscape leave vivid impressions. This vastness is emphasized by the very air itself—so pure and clean and clear, and travelling across the country opens up views of incredible distances and tranquil beauty. The public transport system is run very efficiently, and excellent coaches run on a scheduled timetable between the main cities. The roads are kept in first-class condition, often with "dust-tracks" bordering one or both sides of the highway. These tracks allow for the passage of the donkeys and goats and cattle and sheep and camels which add so much charm to the scene. There is a railway system connecting Tangiers south to Marrakesh, *via* Casablanca, and east to Oujda *via* Meknes and Fez. Although the railways, perhaps, are not up to European standards, the long-distance coaches merit the highest praise; fast, comfortable and punctual.

Some of the towns and cities of Morocco have hardly changed with the centuries, and to visit them one is carried back 2,000 years. Tetouan, Chechaouen (sometimes spelt Xauen, and generally pronounced "Chow-en), Azzemour, Tiznit and Goulimine are but a few. Others, such as Tangiers, Casablanca and Marrakesh, have modern sections, usually a little apart from the native quarter and therefore contrasting rather than clashing with it. Some of the cities, notably Fez, have a strange and rather mystic appeal, and to stand on one of the nearby hills overlooking Fez and listen to the continual hum of the city makes one wonder why there is a hum at all. The streets are nearly all narrow and winding, and thronged with tens of thousands of people, and the general buzz of conversation has to escape somewhere; the only direction left open is upwards. And so the hum is carried away to the hills, a pleasant and rather haunting sound.

Marrakesh, perhaps, has the finest view from its rooftops of any city in Morocco. One can sit on the roof of a café, sipping mint tea, and gaze southwards to the Atlas Mountains; a spectacular panorama over vast acres of palm trees to the snow-capped peaks stretching in an unbroken chain right across the horizon. Such a magnificent landscape can rarely be equalled anywhere in the world, and it is little wonder that Sir Winston Churchill has found so much beauty there to perpetuate on canvas.

JOHN NEWMARK

DIAMONDS IN SOUTH AFRICA

ABOUT a hundred years ago a child picked up a peculiar looking stone on the banks of South Africa's eleven-hundred-mile long Orange River. To the child the stone was a plaything, but a travelling trader suspected it to be what it really was—a diamond. Soon the news spread like wild-fire and the country experienced its first diamond rush. Adventurers of many nations converged on the river to search amongst the mud and sand for the most precious of all gems. Not long after this initial mad rush, diamonds were also discovered where the city of Kimberley basks under the hot African sky today. Kimberley has never looked back since that first diamond strike, and is at present still the world's diamond capital. At first diggers from the four corners of the earth worked practically elbow to elbow in their claims. Gradually the small area allotted to each digger was bought up and moulded into a great organization which mines the area for diamonds to this day—the De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited. The surface diggings of the early pioneers have given way to more efficient, full scale, underground mining operations, and output of precious stones increases almost annually. More than half a million carats, or more than 250 pounds of diamonds from three De Beers mines, reach world markets year after year. This amazing abundance of diamonds represents only a fraction of the total South African output, for these three mines, the Wesselton, the Bulfontein and the DuToitspan mine are by no means the only ones in this mineral-wealthy country.

In Kimberley diamonds are found in blueground, a soft rock of volcanic origin so named because of its distinct blueish colour. Although the blueground in the various volcanic pipes is similar, it is interesting to note that there is a distinct difference in the class of diamond which they produce. On the average, however, these three working mines produce about one-half industrial and one-half gem stones. Zircons, garnets and sapphires are also found in the blueground, but not, unfortunately, in payable quantities. The original Kimberley mine, known universally as the "big hole", is no longer worked. Twenty-five million tons of ground were dug from this mine from the time of its discovery in 1871 to the beginning of the 1914-1918 war, and today this giant scar, not far removed from Kimberley railway station, is still considered to be the largest man-made pit in the world. The water which collects at its bottom rises at the rate of three inches per week. By 2014 this hole, from which more than three tons of diamonds have been recovered, will be nothing but a tranquil lake, filled to its brim.

The three producing mines of Kimberley wash collectively more than three million tons of ground every year. Blasted underground, this fantastic volume of material is brought to the surface and the waste rock separated from the blueground. The former is discarded or used in road construction while the latter is crushed by machinery designed to reduce damage to the diamonds to an absolute minimum. The crushed ground is taken to a wash plant where the diamonds, three and a half times the weight of water, settle to the bottom of pans. From these pans the concentrate, consisting

of about two per cent of all ground treated, is transferred to a recovery plant where diamonds first become visible. In the early days they were handpicked from the concentrate. Today grease tables are used. The concentrate is passed over these aluminium tables smeared with grease, and the diamonds contained in the mud adhere to it because of the bond between the carbon molecules in the diamonds and in the hydrocarbon grease. Diamonds are periodically removed from the tables with trowels and cleaned by simply immersing them in boiling water. As there are still pieces of iron pyrites amongst them, the whole is once again immersed—this time in a bath of hydrofluoric acid.

The stones are then sent to a central sorting office where the diamonds are sieved into various sizes, and industrial stones separated from gems. The latter are further sorted into size and shape according to the quality and colour. These gem stones are then made up into parcels for sale to diamond cutters by the Central Selling Organization. It is only at this stage that stones from the various mining centres are mixed together for the first time. Diamonds to the value of \$223,500,000 are sold by the Central Selling Organization on behalf of South African and other producers during the course of one year. In a giant industry such as this it is inevitable that the dishonest will try their hand at appropriating stones from the vast mining complexes, but thefts are kept to a minimum by stringent safety measures. The South African police have a special department investigating illicit diamond buying, and within South Africa only legitimate diamond cutters may possess rough stones. In addition to 1,500 Europeans and some 5,000 Africans De Beers in Kimberley employ Alsatian dogs. These beautiful, well-trained animals help guard against thefts and unauthorized intruders, and accompany armed guards on their rounds. Some of the dogs are assigned to picket duty, and roam about with their long chains attached to wires strung about the De Beers property. In some South African and South West African mines employees may not keep dogs or pigeons, as in the past dishonest employees have used these creatures for removing stones from the property. The diamond mines of South Africa and South West Africa suffer from thefts to a far lesser degree than do the other African territories where diamonds are mined.

Diamonds are mined in three of the four South African provinces, as well as in the territory of South West Africa which is administered by the Union. Where the Orange River enters the Atlantic, at the same time dividing South West Africa from the Union of South Africa, they are found in great abundance. To the south of the mighty river within sight of the sea lie the Government-owned Alexander Bay State Alluvial Diggings. North of the river the Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa reap a rich diamond harvest. It is believed that the Orange River has over countless thousands of years carried diamonds from volcanic pipes, such as these found at Kimberley, from the interior to the sea. The action of waves concentrated these along the desolate shores and covered them, over a vast span of time, with windblown sand. Sometimes 70-foot layers of sand have now to be removed before so-called diamond terraces are reached. Once this great bulk of overburden has been removed the

diamondiferous ground lies exposed. It is excavated mechanically and dumped into small rail-mounted trucks or rubber-tyred dumpers and taken to a screening plant. The diamond content in this diamondiferous ground is one part in eight million, and the quantity of sand which has to be removed to get at diamonds in an area of a thousand square feet is in the neighbourhood of two million tons. Ninety-eight per cent of diamonds picked off Consolidated Diamond Mines grease tables are gem stones.

Workers employed by Consolidated Diamond Mines live at Aranjemund, a man-made oasis in a natural desert. It is a village where free entry or exit is not permitted for security reasons. Being situated in an out of the way area, most of its supplies come in by company-owned aircraft. Stores are run on a non-profit basis and houses are rent free. Light and water does not have to be paid for either, and even the furniture is supplied by C.D.M. Sixteen hundred Europeans and 5,000 Africans live at present in Orangemund; some of the latter are employed as house servants at \$18 per month, while the majority work for C.D.M. as engine, lorry, tractor and bulldozer drivers and general labourers. All Africans employed come from Ovamboland, some 700 miles to the north where South West Africa adjoins Angola. Though their period of service is 18 months many of them go home only to return to the mines for a second period of service.

South West Africa and South Africa are only two of the territories in Africa which conjointly produce 97 per cent of the diamonds found in the world. Diamonds are also wrested from the ground at Angola, French Equatorial Africa, French West Africa, Ghana, Tanganyika, Sierra Leone and the Belgian Congo. The last is the largest producer of them all, with an annual output of 12 million carats, but most of these are industrial stones. South Africa however is the biggest producer of gem stones in the world. It is too early to say whether artificial diamonds produced in the United States will eventually oust the natural product. For the time being one of Africa's major exports continues to go out to almost every country, ultimately to be set in millions of engagement and wedding rings, bracelets, brooches and wrist-watches. While some of these pebbles grace elegant women, Africa's vast output of industrial stones helps to keep the wheels of industry turning everywhere.

PETER HOLZ

Johannesburg.

MYSTERIOUS SHIPWRECKS

BY its very nature—vasty, relentless, primeval—the sea has always given rise to mysteries of a kind that defy explanation even in this rational age. Everyone knows the classic strange tales of the *Mary Celeste*, the *Flying Dutchman* and the like, but many lesser-known incidents of the sea rival them in oddity and fascination. Take the case of the big three-master, the *Marlborough*, for instance. She left Lyttleton, New Zealand, in January, 1890, with a good solid crew, a first-rate skipper, a cargo of sheep and several passengers, one a woman. She never reached

her home port of Glasgow and was in fact last seen off the tip of South America. A special enquiry set up in 1891 failed to establish the cause of her sudden disappearance, and she was written off as lost with all hands. But the verdict was wrong, for the *Marlborough* was found. She turned up again, over 23 years later. In October, 1913, she was sighted by another sailing ship off Tierra del Fuego, and when she did not return the signal and appeared to be in distress, with canvas damaged and missing, the captain grew worried and put off in a boat with some of his men to investigate. The derelict lay practically upright in a sheltered position, but her sails, superstructure, hull, everything was green with mildew. Rigging was rotted, the boats almost disintegrated, the decking soft to the tread. Yet her name at the stern was still clearly legible. Skeletons, clad in mouldy rags, were everywhere, on the deck, in the hold, the wardroom, the cabins. One lay close by the crumbling wheel. All had evidently met their death suddenly and unexpectedly, but how? Even more puzzling was how the vessel had survived those merciless seas of the "Roaring Forties", out of control yet still seaworthy, for nearly 24 years. The secret was never discovered. The *Marlborough's* log had rotted beyond recognition and her papers were missing, probably blown away by the wind. Her grim, mildewy fate remains a profound mystery.

Off the east coast of America early in 1907 there had been reported a drifting derelict, believed to be the U.S. schooner *Everest Webster*. Several vessels had reported seeing her, and a coastguard cutter actually set out to send the hulk to the bottom, but was unable to find her. Her existence as a derelict had been known for about a month when the four-master *Quevilly* came suddenly upon the wreck and decided to investigate, solely out of curiosity, as her skipper could neither take her in tow nor sink her. After much difficulty the *Quevilly's* boarding party forced open the waterlogged door of the after-cabin, hoping perhaps to find the log and with it some clue as to why she had been abandoned. To their horror they were confronted with a group of living corpses, gaunt, ashen-faced shadows of men with tangled beards and fixed, unseeing eyes. They all stirred feebly on their bunks, tried to get up and speak, but without avail. Nearly dead from starvation, cold and damp, they could not speak intelligibly, nor could they afterwards offer a single word of explanation why the *Everest Webster* came to be wrecked, why they made no bid for aid or escape, or why they stuck to their floating tomb for a whole month, just lying on their bunks waiting for the end.

Even more inexplicable was the fate of the little collier *Eltham* off the South Cornish coast in 1929. Well known in those waters with a capable master who knew every inch of them and a crew of proven worth, she nevertheless left South Wales with a cargo of coal and a few days later was found, not too seriously damaged, stranded on some treacherous rocks two cables from the shore. Her wheel and steering gear were in good order, her spars sound, her boats intact, her anchors stowed normally. Only her skipper and crew had vanished, and with them her papers. The weather at the time was calm and the winds light; there was in fact no earthly reason for the mishap. No distress signals or cries for help were

noticed on the night of her wrecking by the coastguard station close by. No bodies were ever washed ashore, no survivors or clues were ever reported.

Another baffling enigma occurred many years ago actually within the harbour of Queenstown, in Ireland, where the duty pilot was surprised one November evening to see a rather bedraggled-looking three-master slowly approaching the port entrance through the thick fog. He set out to board her, receiving no welcoming shout, found no ladder lowered over her side for him, and after eventually getting aboard was stupefied to find he was alone on an empty ship. Everything was in order, including the cargo of mahogany blocks of considerable value. The ship's papers had vanished like her crew, but there was no evidence of mutiny, sickness or anything untoward. Strangest of all, the vessel bore no name anywhere. She was towed into harbour and subsequently examined with a tooth-comb. No clues to the mystery were discovered, and no owners or consignees ever came forward to claim her. She was never identified, nor her mystery solved, and after some years was sold by auction and broken up.

Cases of unexplained desertion of an apparently perfectly sound ship at sea always call to mind the unsolved case of the *Mary Celeste*. But at least half a dozen other instances of almost identical happenings are on record. One was that of the cargo steamer *Zebrine*, a French vessel well known in the English Channel. In 1917 she was found recently abandoned off Cherbourg; the table was laid in the mess-room, washing was drying on a deck-line, the log had been correctly written up to the day before. Admittedly this was a wartime case, when reasons for abandoning ship are easier to find, but after the war no trace was found in German prison-camps of the *Zebrine's* hapless crew, who at the time were presumed to have been taken prisoner by a U-boat which, oddly enough, never sank her. U-boat records also failed to offer any clues to the mystery, and the fate of the *Zebrine's* men and their reasons for leaving her so suddenly have never been solved.

Odder still was the weird case of the *P.E.C.C.*, a mythical ship known only by its index initials. On February 22, 1939, several months before the outbreak of war, a number of ships in the Atlantic picked up distress signals from a vessel claiming to be the *P.E.C.C.* She said she had been torpedoed some 350 miles south of the Azores. The U.S. liner *Tulsa*, the British liner *Empress of Australia*, the Greek merchantman *Mont Pelion* and a number of other ships all heard the S.O.S. messages, and those nearest left their course to give aid. However, no ship or wreckage was ever discovered, no boats, lifebelts, floating oil or any trace whatever of a sunken ship. France, Britain, the U.S.A. and Germany all denied the presence of any of their submarines in the area concerned, and then Lloyds of London dropped a bombshell by saying that the initials *P.E.C.C.* referred to the Dutch liner *Flandria* which had been reported lost with all hands some years before. No owners or insurance companies ever reported the disappearance of any vessel in that area, yet at least ten radio operators on ten different ships heard the S.O.S. signals independently, so someone must have sent them out, and it was proved that they emanated from a

position at sea, and so could not have been sent out by a hoaxer on land. Yet for a ship's operator to hoax an S.O.S. in such circumstances seems incredible. The P.E.C.C. clearly belongs to the world's mysteries.

Sometimes all the relevant facts are well known, and yet the mystery remains as the unexplained, totally irrational behaviour of a ship's captain. Such was the strange business of the lean Dreadnought *Victoria*, flagship of the British Mediterranean Fleet in 1893. In command was a noted sailor, Admiral Sir George Tryon, and on June 22, while carrying out manoeuvres off the North African coast, he arranged his fleet into two columns, steaming side by side. Suddenly, and without explanation, Sir George signalled for both columns of ships to turn inwards towards each other. An admiral's orders are never lightly disobeyed by the Royal Navy, though every ship's captain was astounded, seeing clearly the danger involved. Only at the last moment did Tryon seem to realize his crazy error, for he signalled "Full speed astern" almost as the *Camperdown*, leading the opposite column, collided with the *Victoria* and cut her in two. The water reached the flagship's boilers within seconds and she, together with her complement of 358 men, Tryon among them, was blown sky-high. Why a man of Tryon's experience should have given such a tragic order was never explained, and admirals are not usually given to mass suicide. Yet later it was discovered that Tryon was distinctly seen by his wife and several of her guests at a reception she was holding at her London house at the precise moment of the *Victoria's* destruction. He was seen to enter the room and leave by another door, speaking to nobody. Yet it was an established fact that in reality he was on the sea-bed off Tripoli with all his ship's crew.

Finally, let us consider the puzzle of the *Baychimo*, a fine, solid steel steamer of 1,300 tons owned by the Hudson's Bay Company and used by them to collect furs along the Victoria Land coast of the North-West Territory of Canada. She left Vancouver on a normal trip in July, 1931, but by October was fast in the pack-ice. Her commander wisely decided to leave her for the winter for the greater safety of the Company's permanent huts built ashore, half a mile away. At the end of November a terrific blizzard confined the crew to their huts for two days, and when they emerged the *Baychimo* had completely vanished. They searched for their ship for miles around on the pack-ice, but, failing to find her, came to the conclusion that she had broken up in the gale and sunk. When they were rescued by Eskimos and reached Vancouver once again they were welcomed with amazement, for the Company was in possession of reports that their ship had been sighted several hundred miles away to the east. Eventually, in April, 1932, a young explorer named Melvin found and boarded her, confirming that her vast cargo of furs was still in the hold. Unfortunately as he was now more than 3,000 miles from his base in Alaska he had insufficient equipment for salvage. As the months went on other explorers, traders, Eskimos and a small schooner all sighted the *Baychimo* and endeavoured to capture her or her precious furs. All failed, and finally she disappeared into the limbo of lost ships, inaccessible to either the greed or the curiosity of man.

DAVID GUNSTON

MR. BETJEMAN'S SATIRE

THOSE who believe in progress as distinct from social improvement may be forgiven for believing Mr. Betjeman to be a poetic die-hard. Such poems as "Huxley Hall", "Group Life", "Letchworth" and "The Planster's Vision" are farcical skits upon the Radical faith in science, franchise and moral emancipation. So thoroughly saturated is our culture in the presuppositions of the creed of progress that it is difficult for most people to stand outside them and view them with detachment. Even such a keen and able critic as Mr. Bernard Bergonzi obviously sides instinctively with those attitudes which the poet attacks, just as automatically he feels put off by most of the poet's own convictions. In his essay *Culture and Mr. Betjeman* he quotes the first poem and comments upon it:

In the Garden City Café with its murals on the wall
Before a talk on "Sex and Civics" I meditated on the Fall.

Deep depression settled on me under that electric glare
While outside the lightsome poplars flanked the rose-beds in the square.

While outside the carefree children sported in the summer haze
And released their inhibitions in a hundred different ways.

She who eats her greasy crumpet snugly in the inglenook
Of some bird-enshrouded homestead, dropping butter on her book.

Can she know the deep depression of this bright, hygienic hell?
And her husband, stout free-thinker, can he share in it as well?

Not the folk-museum's charting of man's Progress out of slime
Can release me from the painful seeming accident of Time.

Barry smashes Shirley's dolly, Shirley's eyes are crossed with hate,
Comrades plot a Comrade's downfall "in the interest of the State."

Not my vegetarian dinner, not my lime-juice minus gin,
Quite can drown a faint conviction that we may be born in Sin.

"This is unsatisfactory," argues Mr. Bergonzi, "not because it manifests doubts about progress and a distaste for the workers (as good a poetic attitude as any other), but because the poem suggests no very good reason for the attitude it adopts. Its most precise feeling is a kind of generalized disgust, though nothing so respectable as a metaphysical anguish, and, so far as one can see, without any specific object, for it is impossible to be sure what precise aspect of our society 'Huxley Hall' is supposed to represent. The targets it offers are too many and too various for much point to be made. And the theological hint in the last line, 'a faint conviction that we may be born in sin', is counterbalanced by the minor irritation in the preceding line with a 'vegetarian dinner' and 'a lime-juice minus gin'. It is neither good satire, good light verse, nor good poetry. Lord Birkenhead, in his inept and unnecessary introduction to this volume, admits that Betjeman's satire is defective, but claims that this is 'because he is lacking in the cruelty and spite that are inseparable from that art.' It

seems to me, rather, that Betjeman fails as a satirist because he has no very clear convictions from which to direct his attacks."

Mr. Bergonzi is right, I think, in speaking of the poem's "generalized disgust" and by the same argument wrong in seeing it as chiefly directed at the working- or manual-class. Vegetarians are usually brain-workers—or non-manual types. They may be members of the clerical, managerial or "unearned-income" classes. They are seldom dockers, lorry-drivers or navvies. It seems to me that the poem succeeds precisely because of its "generalized disgust"; it locates in definite terms symptomatic features in our way of living. What Mr. Betjeman dislikes is not a matter of upper- or lower-class thought and conduct, but an over-all attitude to life shared by many of whatever rank or status. What annoys the poet is the indiscriminate scrapping of traditional social props. One does not have to be a bigot or reactionary to believe that the nursemaids of progress have thrown both baby and bath-water away. "Forward, forward, ever forward" may prove as asinine a faith as that of those who refuse to budge a yard. Nor is it necessary to believe in the doctrine of Original Sin to feel with the poet "the deep depression of this bright hygienic hell." Labouring families from the East End, moved by their Council to the raw new towns, have obviously experienced this sensation without any aid from theological learning. The soul of man asks for familiar objects, for abiding things in the scene about him. And that which abides will, of course, have had a past. The familiar row of shops, of streets, pubs and alleys serve as so many rallying-points for man's domestic feelings. To uproot him from his known town-plot may be to break the ties of neighbourly communal living. Safety and sanity are often a matter of living securely in one unchanging place.

Both Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Bergonzi are agreed that the poet's satire is defective, though they offer different explanations. Lord Birkenhead holds that if "Betjeman has not on the whole succeeded as a satirist, it is only because he is lacking in the cruelty and spite that are inseparable from that art." Mr. Bergonzi, on the other hand, maintains that "Betjeman fails as a satirist because he has no very clear convictions from which to direct his attack." The kindness and compassion of the poet are clearly to be recognized. Yet this imaginative charity does not prevent him at times from being devastatingly angry. In 1937, before the first bombs fell, he wrote the superb commination "Slough"—a poem so vitriolic in feeling that only the awful excrement of the place could excuse the destructiveness of its tone:

Come, friendly bombs, and fall on Slough,
It isn't fit for humans now,
There isn't grass to graze a cow
Swarm over, Death.

Come, bombs, and blow to smithereens
Those air-conditioned, bright canteens,
Tinned fruit, tinned meat, tinned milk, tinned beans,
Tinned minds, tinned breath.

Mess up the mess they call a town—
A house for ninety-seven down

And once a week a half a crown

For twenty years,

There is no question in this poem of Mr. Betjeman's kindness getting the better of him. Cruelty is intended here, as when he indulges in the pious hope that the bombs will "get that man with double chins".

Who'll always cheat and always win,

Who washes his repulsive skin

In women's tears.

And smash his desk of polished oak

And smash his hands so used to stroke

And stop his boring dirty joke

And make him yell.

This is the *saeva indignatio* of Swift—the outright invocation of a curse. But it is followed by a qualification—a prayer to save not Sodom but the helpless ones within it:

But spare the bald young clerks who add

The profits of the stinking cad;

It's not their fault that they are mad,

They've tasted Fie!.

In the gross ignominious capitalism of pre-war England this was a poem as anti-capitalistic in sentiment as any by the "Pylon Poets". But whereas these poets tended to opt for Communism, Mr. Betjeman was not himself jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. In fact, he preferred the frying-pan—but only the more humane aspects of it. His detestation of the vulgar exploiter and his feeling for the pawns and victims of the game sprang from no party-line propaganda concerning the oppressor and the oppressed. Mr. Betjeman did not need to read Marx in order to learn sympathy with those inhumanly done by or neglected.

The more closely one looks at the satirical poems, the clearer it becomes that it is not class but error or presumption which provide the subject matter. There is no question of the poet staging a contest of Workers *versus* Gentlemen. He is not, in this sense, an exclusive poet in the manner of Praed or Locker-Lampson. Members of varying income-groups and classes come in for nasty knocks. In "The Old Liberals" representative figures of the ancient leisure-class are under satirical fire. In "Winthrop Mackworth Redivivus" the victims are the members of a Higher Civil Servant's family. "The Dear Old Village" castigates the modern farmer and farm-worker (with a dig at the Women's Institute as a gossiping, back-biting guardian of morals). "The Village Inn" deals with roughly the same group (and hits out at "the brewer's P.R.O." for his sentimental, falsifying, beery propaganda). "The Town Clerk's Views" and "The Planster's Vision" are both anti-progressivist pieces. "A man with byelaws busy in his head," the town clerk is socialist middle-class; the Planster, who says "chum", one social rung lower. In "Group Life, Letchworth", the characters are lower-middle-class culture fads, all eagerly engaged in the arts of self-expression ("line-cut", "leather-work", folk-tunes and free-love). In "Huxley Hall" the cast is mixed.

It is obvious that class *per se* is not the target of Mr. Betjeman's satire. It is, rather, bad taste, folly, presumption (particularly in terms of pseudo-

ideas), which the poet pillories. For example, in "Group Life, Letchworth" the shallowness of the self-expression theory is exposed in the two lines:

Ann has had a laxative
And Alured is dead.

"Working each for weal of all", the self-expressers write off death as of equal moment with the taking of a pill. What counts is what you are doing yourself: a case of "I'm all right, Jack." There is also the suggestion in the poem's last lines that self-expression equals sex-expression; that "emancipated living" means "emancipated loving"; that freedom and licence are not too far apart:

Wouldn't it be jolly now,
To take our Aertex panties off
And have a jolly tumble in
The jolly, jolly sun?

The logical conclusion of a "group life" of this order is, surely—Mr. Betjeman suggests—promiscuity. In "Winthrop Mackworth Redivivus" the higher-income cults of analysis and ponies are beautifully subjected to critical mimicry. The parents in the poem have looked upon christening as an absurd old superstition, but after all the grandmother's money has been spent on analysis for the child since she was three, Matilda—with her Riding School background—has come to believe that she is a horse. So much for second-hand notions of mental hygiene and gracious living.

Between the reality of a social class and some ideological image of it, there is all the difference in the world. The sacrosanct notion of the working-class (seldom entertained by its own members) is one of those shibboleths of the Party-mind as stupid and dishonest as the opposite notion of some hypothetical bowler-hatted *élite*. It is the militant T.U. myth of working-class aggressiveness which the poet satirises in "The Dear Old Village" rather than normal working-class behaviour:

An eight-hour day for all, and more than three
Of these are occupied in making tea
And talking over what we all agree—
Though "Music while you work" is now our want,
It's not so nice as "Music while you don't."
Squire, parson, schoolmaster turn in their graves.
And let them turn. We are no longer slaves.

It could, doubtless, be argued that however just the architectural strictures passed on "progressive planning" in "The Town Clerk's Views", the satire tells only one side of the story. The thatched cottages and "lumpy churches"—which make way for civic centres, concrete lamp-standards, light industry and pylons—may offer a legitimate cause for regret. But to switch from country to town is sometimes to see "progressive planning" in a more positive light. Here the sky-scaling blocks of workers' flats, with pastel-painted balconies—for all their often flimsy air—are at least visually an improvement on the bombed benighted terraces of grimy and grim artisans' dwellings. This is not a side to "progressive planning" noticed by Mr. Betjeman in his poems. Socially the change is all to the good, but his architectural eye is not yet satisfied with what has been done, and there is no good reason why it should be.

DEREK STANFORD

TO THE FAVOURED

Poets love not to be silent
 Wish to show themselves to humans;
 Praise and blame there must be
 None confesses willingly in prose;
 Yet oft we trust in secret
 In the muses' quiet meadow:
 Where I erred, where I strove,
 What I suffered and lived through
 Now are but flowers in the posy
 And youth, as age
 And error, as virtue
 Is in songs expressed.

Translated from Goethe by
 Alfred Hall

AN APOLOGY FOR AN OBSCURE POEM

I took a box of household bricks and built
 A dwelling for a genteel minotaur?
 Not what I meant, not what I meant at all.

Clear drops of water, measured first and spilt
 Exploded on my cupped hand, on its floor
 A tiny sea swelled with each drop to fall.

And there the sea should lie so still and clear,
 And would do, but I could not leave it there:
 I breathed upon it too ambitiously.

The tiny currents draw, distort and veer
 Into the treacherous undertow and there
 You lie, drowning beneath a well-meant sea.

Donald Thomas

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GILBERT MURRAY

That the ashes of Gilbert Murray are buried in Westminster Abbey indicates the importance attached by his contemporaries to his life and work. An eminent scholar, a considerable poet, a model citizen, a constructive thinker, a noble spirit, one of the most many-sided personalities of his time became a celebrity before he reached middle age. Nature had lavished her favours on him: an exquisite voice, a face expressing rare intellectual distinction, refinement, and love of his fellow men. Living for the highest things and in the simplest way he had the good fortune to be allowed time to give the world all the treasures he had to offer. My only complaint is that he postponed the writing of his memoirs till it was too late, for the fragmentary autobiography is the least satisfying and revealing portion of this delightful

symposium. The contributions are warmed by glowing affection and admiration. Mr. E. R. Dodds' brief introduction forms an excellent prologue. The tributes of Arnold Toynbee, his prize pupil and son-in-law, and of Bertrand Russell, a life-long friend, might well have been longer. Madariaga's chapter on Murray and the League is a brilliant study of the cause which filled his mind and heart, and for which he campaigned officially and unofficially, to the end of his days with a zeal only equalled by that of his friend and colleague Lord Cecil. Isobel Henderson on the inspiring teacher of Greek and Sybil Thorndike on his relation to the theatre paint a glowing picture of the leading British Hellenist of his time, to whom Greek was not merely one of the noblest of languages but the garment of a culture, a civilization, a standard of intellectual life in which he found undying satisfaction.

Readers of this volume will learn that Murray was one of the best letter-writers of his time and will feel that we ought to have many more specimens of his epistolary wit and wisdom. The weekly exchange with Lord Cecil during the decades of their fruitful partnership should prove a gold-mine for historians of the efforts to rebuild Europe on sounder foundations after the catastrophe of the first world war. His long friendship with Bernard Shaw should also provide a rich harvest of interest and illumination. When his friends and pupils have passed away and some of his books have ceased to be read, his exquisite translations of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes will surely continue to be studied and some of them, such as the *Trojan Women* to be acted.

My own happy contacts with the great humanist extended over half-a-century, beginning with our opposition to the South African War and to the Imperialism of Joseph Chamberlain, Kipling, Milner and Curzon, then in high favour. Like every fine Liberal, he strove for the maximum of self-determination and the minimum of coercion at home and abroad. Among our leading statesmen his favourite was Edward Grey, whose policy in 1914 he defended against the attack of Bertrand Russell. Ardent peace-lover though he was, he approved the use of force to preserve our treasured system of ordered liberty, political and spiritual, from being trampled underfoot by Fascists and Communists. With all his sweetness of demeanour he combined a hard core of principle on which he never dreamed of giving way. No British professor of our time or of any time has played so prominent a part on so wide a stage, and few have left so deep a mark on our intellectual tastes and standards. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

G. P. GOOCH
Gilbert Murray. An Unfinished Autobiography. With Contributions by his friends.
 Allen and Unwin. 25s. 0d.

McCARTHY DEAD

Senator Joseph McCarthy was not alone among well-known figures of our times as a congenital liar. Whether or not he could distinguish truth from falsehood, what is clear is that, like some of the very Communists whom he attacked, he did not care. There is yet this difference that, although both were interested in victory, he was chiefly interested in publicity. He was irresponsible and also powerful. The present terrifying biography of Senator McCarthy should be compared, by those interested in the political under-world, with the autobiography, *Every Man a King*, of the late Senator Huey Long.

The present reviewer happened to know Mr. Long and he also has travelled the roads of Wisconsin with one of Senator McCarthy's opponents, a Democrat who dolefully confessed that the more he attacked McCarthy the more he lost votes. Wisconsin is no Mississippi back-woods. It had, in the days of the La Follette dynasty, the reputation for being one of the most mature and advanced states in the Union. How, then, was a man such as Joe McCarthy able to make a President of the United States think prudence the better part of valour (until he put up Senator Fleming to bring the man down); to cause an austere Dulles to hedge; to damage the reputation of General Marshall; and to get the left-hand patronage of the righteous Senator Robert Taft? There were, of course, some seeds of truth that

were nourished by hot air into an overshadowing forest. In the heterogeneous American society, Communists in 1945 had penetrated more widely than elsewhere. General Marshall, already a tired man, had made a vast mistake in his vastly important China policy. McCarthy, however, had shown his skill—the anti-Communist case he had taken up more or less by chance, in a blind quest for an “issue” which would give him publicity—in busily nurturing these seedlings and in his instinctive flair for responding to the craving of the modern free press for a sensational headline. McCarthy, like Long was an indubitably popular figure, a man of the people, a genius as a demagogue, an authentic product of the active mass enjoyment of political hysteria. It will be noted that Mr. Rovere, of the *New Yorker* and correspondent of the *London Spectator*, is not himself guiltless of precisely the same disease. “Subversive” is a “smear word”; but he habitually describes the Senator as a “subversive”, although he must be aware that it is more than doubtful whether any law court in the world would actually convict on this charge. He also, as prosecutor, waves his piece of paper. When the Army tapped McCarthy’s telephone calls, Mr. Rovere merely blandly remarks that the Senator’s conversations were “monitored”.

One of the troubles of American politics is that, although no one can find any valid distinction of principle between the two Parties, their warfare is waged like a League baseball game with war-whooping frenzy. That is what the public wants. The same manic fanaticism, parading as democracy, has been known elsewhere—not only in Germany. In America it found its Cleon, a cynic about the fanatics but a drug-addict for advertisers’ notoriety. The men upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were not worse than all others. The solid farmers of Wisconsin (many Germanophil) were primarily isolationists. Deeply they resented being dragged howling into international commitments by threats of “a Communist conspiracy” when they wished to enjoy their farms. Hence “the Fighting Marine” became their man—not Bob La Follette, jnr., cultured, conscientious internationalist. The political moral is to beware of all fighting comrades who have a flair for mass media. As Mr. Justice Learned Hand has remarked, there must be grave risks in any open society—and America has lacked a political aristocracy to chill the electoral temperature. It is perhaps only fair to add that McCarthy was disgraced—and Huey Long, *pro bono publico*, first knocked down and, later, shot.

GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN

Senator Joe McCarthy. By Richard Rovere. Methuen. 18s.

FRANCE AND DE GAULLE

General De Gaulle completes his memoirs with *Le Salut*, and records the transition between occupation and self-government. The foe had left France denuded of resources, her manhood imprisoned. De Gaulle recognized his commanding position although not invested by parliament or plebiscite. He created the High Court to try Pétain, Laval, Darnand, Estéva and Dentz, where justice was meted out as impartially as was possible amid raw passions. He accepted Bogomilov’s invitation to Russia to help reinstate France in European relationships and secured a treaty that enabled him to meet the Anglo-Saxon powers with heightened authority. Many expected that liberation would mean the end of hostilities; their continuation enabled de Gaulle to take part in a settlement. French troops debauched into Alsace, and he struggled against the Allies when, during the Ardennes counter-attack, strategy necessitated withdrawal. He pleaded with Roosevelt, Churchill and Eisenhower and ordered Juin to defend Alsace alone if the others withdrew. He eagerly joined the campaign to occupy the Reich and ordered French troops to cross the Rhine, if possible within the Allied cadre, if need be on their own account. Even his troops lost their thirst for vengeance, marching through ruins to Stuttgart. The Allies opposed the French there; Truman sent a sharp note, but at Stuttgart they remained. On Hitler’s suicide, Himmler

attempted to divide and wrote to de Gaulle to come to an understanding with Germany, "otherwise Anglo-Saxons would treat him as a satellite or Russians communize France." But de Lattre stood with the victors to receive the foe's unconditional surrender. Triumph was clouded because the U.S.A. objected to his Italian territorial adjustments and "the British, aiming at domination in the Near East, fomented anti-French demonstrations."

General de Gaulle was gratified that France was now great enough to help found the United Nations, with French as an official language. On Churchill's electoral defeat he paid tribute: "the fact remains that without him my efforts would have been in vain." Before he visited Washington, atomic bombs reduced Emperor Hirohito to submission and he faced the Indo-China problem, for the Allies applied their occupation plans, and "a foreign intrusion we could not accept." "It might have been possible for me to prolong the kind of monarchy I had assumed and had confirmed by general consent"; he preferred France to decide. He consulted Blum, Herriot and Marin but party spite crippled democracy. "It was said that I would stifle the Republic. It was parliament and parties that had betrayed her. I had raised her arms, her laws, her very name." The Constituent Assembly met in November and recorded that "*Charles de Gaulle a bien mérité de la Patrie*" but, as party strife increased, in January he resigned. No-one suggested that he should reconsider his decision. His love for and identification with France pierces his memoirs. "After victory I went to Notre Dame for the solemn *Te Deum*. As the hymn of triumph echoed through the vaulting, I shared the exaltation of our forefathers when glory crowned *la patrie*." VICTOR COHEN

Mémoires De Guerre: Le Salut. By Charles de Gaulle. Plon, Paris.

SINO-SOVIET ECONOMICS

The economic offensive of the Soviet Union in the Middle East and Asia is one of the most important facts of contemporary international affairs. Soviet aid to underdeveloped countries began in the summer of 1953, after Stalin's death, with a loan to the Argentine and the despatch of technicians to Afghanistan. It was unthinkable that students and workers of non-Communist countries would be invited in any appreciable numbers to study and train in Soviet universities and factories. In the space of a few years the Communist world has changed from a deliberately self-insulated community to one in which there is an active passage of goods and people both ways across its borders. (p. 2)

Joseph S. Berliner has made a careful study of the size, character and direction of Soviet aid and trade relations with the underdeveloped countries of the world. We obtain information about the aid to 16 countries in the years 1953-1957, the total being 1581 million U.S. dollars. The United States allowed to these countries 2597 million dollars in credits and grants. The difference between the Soviet and American aids is that the Soviet assistance always takes the form of interest-bearing credits, chiefly to finance specific development projects. On the other hand, the U.S., from this sum of 2597 m. dollars, gave as grants 1816 m. and credits only 781 m. dollars. Credit is subject to the further condition that on the due date it must be repaid in manufactured goods. With such a restriction the credits do not appear to be always specially advantageous in spite of the low rate of interest — in general two-and-a-half per cent. For the rest, it has sometimes happened that the promised deliveries failed to materialize because the credit-giving country had first to cover its own investment requirements. Complaints are often made, too, about the quality and choice of Soviet goods. The prices are calculated not according to the international market but fixed somewhat arbitrarily by the Soviet Union. So long as the credit-taking country has to concentrate over a long period on exports to the Soviet Zone, in order to repay the loan it loses its ability to maintain its traditional place on the free markets. Credits from the Eastern States are granted for an average period of ten years, those from the West generally longer or—as in the case

of loans from aid organizations—are not tied to any specific condition of repayment.

Within the framework of aid technical assistance was granted to the underdeveloped countries. Russian technicians and advisers are able to adapt themselves with comparative ease to living conditions particularly in the Asiatic underdeveloped countries, inasmuch as their standard of living corresponds more or less to that of the lower classes in these areas. The Western—and particularly the American—experts have, for the most part, higher standards of living than those sections of the population in the underdeveloped countries which have managed to reach a higher level, and this also, makes it more difficult to gain a really close contact with the people. This gives the Eastern States a psychological advantage over the West which they are adroit enough to turn to their own ends.

The extent of the Western and Eastern Economic Aid will, of course, depend much upon the productive capacity of both groups. Statistics, published by the Soviet Union, show mainly in recent years considerable increase of production in the Eastern bloc which, in view of the huge reserves of raw material, is likely to continue in future. This book illustrates very clearly one of the most important economic questions and gives a comprehensive survey of the Soviet new aid and trade offensive in the less developed countries.

JULIUS DOMANY

Soviet Economic Aid: The New Aid and Trade Policy in Underdeveloped Countries. By Joseph S. Berliner. Published for the Council of Foreign Relations by F. A. Praeger, New York. \$4.25.

THE POETRY OF STEFAN GEORGE

This is a learned and at the same time most sympathetic study of Stefan George's juvenilia and travels to England, Switzerland and France, and finally of his evolution of the doctrine of the *Vorspiel* and the creation and apotheosis of Maximin. Perhaps George's quoted reply to the Napoleonic remark: "*J'aime le pouvoir comme artiste*" appropriately sums up his urge to challenge a disintegrating age by the noble magic of his poetic word: "*J'aime l'art comme pouvoir*". The remarkable feature of this study by U. K. Goldsmith is the fact that he does not fall victim to the all too frequent tendency to mix up Georgeanism with George's great poetic achievement. The first chapter opens with the "Georgian Protest" and the poet's early development, his exclusiveness and isolation in the early 'nineties and his ultimate recognition as one of the five geniuses: Goethe, Hölderlin, Napoleon, Nietzsche, George. The *Juvenilia* clearly reveal George's narcissistic tendencies. The author shows how his relations with French symbolists, whose belief in a spiritual and authoritative poetic mission was rooted in an old tradition, confirmed George's trust in his own unique calling as the artistic leader of his people. However, the main gain of his contacts with the poetry of Mallarmé and Baudelaire was his mastery of formal patterns and imagery and his predilection for *l'état d'âme*, as used by the symbolists.

The following chapters of this pleasantly and lucidly written book deal with George's friendship with H. v. Hofmannsthal and the "purging effect" of *Algabal* on George himself. The author's interpretations of the function of George's Angel and above all of Maximin deserve special mention. While the Angel reflects the poet's desire to overcome the imperfection of human relationships, Maximin is the conscious creation of a God "in his own image." The bibliography reveals that Professor Goldsmith has had access to a comprehensive literature on George. The extensive lists deal with works of George and works on George, with criticism and references. The author has high academic integrity and the courage of critical detachment which are particularly necessary for George research. We therefore hope that he will continue his studies and give us the fruit of a similarly balanced and valuable work on George's mature and later poetry.

A. CLOSS

Stefan George: A Study of his Early Work. By Ulrich K. Goldsmith. University of Colorado Press. \$3.

THE ACTIVE INTELLECTUAL

Mr. Lea, who has served a philosophic apprenticeship to Carlyle and Nietzsche, is admirably qualified for the difficult task of including both Murry and J. M. M. within the covers of one relatively short book. If ever a man lived nine—not equally valuable—lives in one, it was his subject.

Assistant editor of the *Adelphi* in its less prosperous days and a neighbour in East Anglia, Mr. Lea has no regrets and bears no resentments. This is an achievement in itself, exhibiting a certain generosity of mind reflecting Murry's own. Of all modern writers Murry has been the most cruelly pilloried; a circumstance that has greatly puzzled his admirers, for he was obviously the soul of generosity and fairness was his dominating characteristic. That he was something of an egoist can hardly be questioned, or that he could be impercipient and tactless. But in another sense he was humility itself. He was the long suffering friend and mentor of several famous writers of greater imaginative gifts than his own but of less scrupulous and generous judgment. A man of notable intellect and emotion, he dwelt for most of his articulate life in the *bas-fonds* of half-educated genius. He survived to tell in no superficial fashion the story of Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence and the rest; but he came very near to surviving his own richly deserved critical fame as well. The periodicals he edited so brilliantly nearly all predeceased him. Yet "J. M. M." who dwelt so precariously within the skin of the emotional and rather apocalyptic Murry, is unquestionably a literary critic of very high rank—a rank which, perhaps, of his near contemporaries only Bradley, Saintsbury and Eliot have attained.

What is the secret of the paradox of this intellectual emotionalist or emotional intellectual? What made him a supreme irritant to so many? J. M. M., as distinct from the active and all-too-human Murry, might well have alienated the practical politicians. Everything he said or wrote was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Yet he estranged most of the intellectuals. While he was still J. M. M. the anonymous critic and while the prophetic Murry of the *Adelphi* was still unsuspected his practicality set him at odds with the world. In an early study Mr. Rayner Heppenstall shrewdly observed Middleton Murry's all-round capacity: "If he had been an admiral he would have been a good admiral." Combined with his shyness and his faults of manner this practicality seems not only to have cost him any hope of becoming a really famous figure but the more limited fame of the master literary critic. Yet his positive achievement is remarkable, as Mr. Lea realizes. He raised himself from difficult origins, founded journals and fellowships, bred Redpolls, married four times and died a prosperous man. His journalistic output was terrific and nearly always on a very high plane. His sensitiveness has never been in question. He wavered on the brink of neurotic breakdown all his life but he maintained some fatally precarious hold on his quasi-detachment. Yet even in his most successful phases as a journalist he repelled more than he convinced. It seems deeply unjust; but probably all that can be hoped is that some of his less self-identified literary criticism will be remembered.

Whatever his destiny, Mr. Lea has served him—and his friends—well. The book is careful, full, thoughtful and—though perhaps still a little unappreciative of the poet and novelist—it shows that cool judgment can reinforce rather than destroy enthusiasm. It is impossible here to give many instances of Mr. Lea's human insight but his treatment of the Violet marriage, that most pathetic story, is singularly human. The remark that "it took Murry himself three years to realize that Violet was not Katherine" epitomizes quite a lot. J. M. M.'s criticism was "metaphysical", and for 30 years now psychological values have dominated. The pendulum may swing back. If he is still seen, then, to have fallen short of the highest rank, it will probably be because he so often took the hyperaesthetic and the transcendental for the spiritual.

H. P. COLLINS

The Life of John Middleton Murry. By F. A. Lea. Methuen. 30s.

MEN AND LETTERS

TOLSTOY OR DOSTOEVSKY (*Faber* 30s. 0d.). George Steiner, a Fellow of Princeton University, presents "an essay in contrasts" as he surveys not only the work of the two men, but the ways in which novels such as theirs derive from the epic and the drama. Homer, Goethe, Sophocles, Shakespeare and Euripides are some of the many signposts in a book that seeks the connection between religious preoccupation and creative activity.

TOLSTOY, by Theodore Redpath, and MALRAUX, by Geoffrey H. Hartman (*Bowes and Bowes*. 10s. 6d. each): two more studies in Modern Literature and Thought, and both worthy of their place in this excellent series wherein large scholarship and biographical interest are fitted so gracefully into small space. Dr. Redpath brings his equipment as literary critic and student of philosophy to the moral dilemma of the author of *Anna Karenina*; and Mr. Hartman, now teaching in the English Faculty at Yale, analyses the artistic progress of the novelist-politician depicting the self-searching of our tragic times to his present sojourn as France's Minister of Cultural Affairs.

LOCKE AND LIBERTY (*Pall Mall Press*. 18s. 0d.) Massimo Salvadori looks at his reasons for compiling an anthology of John Locke's writings in a Preface that will be as persuasive and enlightening to the student as to anyone who takes our Whig heritage for granted. "Despotism was the enemy, no matter who exercised it or in whose name it was exercised": so believed this founder of western liberal democracy, and how relevant much of his philosophy is to the needs of today may be discovered in the generous selections.

THE DEAN AND THE ANARCHIST (*Florida State University, Tallahassee*. \$3.00). James A. Preu recounts the full story of the intellectual relationship (less familiar than the one between Shelley's sponging father-in-law and the Romantics) of Swift and William Godwin—*Political Justice* as it were superimposing *Gulliver's Travels*.

JOURNAL OF A MAN OF LETTERS (*Chatto and Windus*. 25s. 0d.). Paul

Léautaud is translated and abridged by Geoffrey Sainsbury, who admirably describes the task, which covers the entries from 1898 to 1907, as trying "to catch his meaning on the wing". The diarist's aim, therefore, of writing well by writing badly (*sans recherche*) has thus been avoided in a book full of literary allusions and celebrities and personal quirks. Alan Pryce-Jones' Preface spans the 84 years of this journalist of small output and devotion to animals who, during the last five years of his life, which ended in 1956, found himself famous because of his long series of radio conversations.

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF CHARLES MORGAN (*Bowes and Bowes*. 21s. 0d.). Henry Charles Duffin (whose essay on J. M. Barrie appears in this issue of *The Contemporary*) has made a memorable contribution to recent criticism, stressing the "realist-romantic" approach of Morgan's work and assessing its influence in the worlds of imagination, goodness, beauty, happiness, love and the intellect. Parts II and III deal with his art and with his philosophy, and the final section has five individual studies of the "chief novels and plays"; these encourage the recalcitrant to try again with, for example, *The Judge's Story*.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ROME (*Ernest Benn*. 63s. 0d.). This is a new edition of J. Wight Duff's massive review of "the silver age from Tiberius to Hadrian", edited by his son, A. M. Duff, who includes a 40-page bibliography brought up to date. Some of the debt owed by the twentieth century to the Romans should be shared by the Duffs.

MEMOIRS OF A RENAISSANCE POPE (*George Allen and Unwin*. 30s. 0d.). The abridged *Commentaries* of Pius II are translated by Florence A. Gragg and edited by Leona C. Gabel. A pontificate that covered 1458 to 1464 was fraught with crises. Its States were threatened by enemy invasion; and the Turkish attack on Greece endangered Christianity itself. Pius was an energetic public relations officer who knew how to organize festival and crusade in the service of the Church. GRACE BANYARD